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LA MORGUE,

BY PAUL FELIX BROWNE.

And this is the end; for here alone
I lie at ease on a slab of stone,
No pain, no fear.
At ease I lie from the rest apart,
With a ragged knife thrust through the heart!
How this water drips, drips,
On my stony face and lips!
How it falling, seems to say:
"He is dead and passed away—
Passed away."

And this is the end! Is't not a shame,
A man who is dead should have a brain
Thinking, throbbing?
I wonder if one who is far away,
In her dream of me at break of day,
Is sobbing?
See that shaft of moonlight crawl
Stealthy, silant down the wall!
I wonder does it come to see
What a dead man's face might be,
Might be!

How does it come I am here at rest
With this phastly knife-wound in my breast,
Can I tell?
Was it last night in the street we met?
Do I remember her tears, her threat—
She who fell?
How she knelt to weep, to pray,
As I coldly turned away
Did she swiftly upward start,
And with dagger reach my heart—
Was it she?

The Cretan Rover;

ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL. A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM. AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLY-ING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER V. ZULEIKAH.

THREADING their way through the orange-embowered avenue, leading from the water to the kiask, Julian Delos and Paul Malvern slow
where my caique now lies; by this we will careful not to startle her, and cause her to cry out. Give me my gold; I have done my part of the agreement." ly and cautiously approached the wing of the building designated by the Ethiopian.

A short search discovered the window, shel- to the cowering negress. tered by foliage, and upon this the Cretan tapped three times as directed.

then a slide in the window was drawn aside, and a disagreeable voice asked, in the Turkish tongue:
"Who signals?"

"Friends-we come from Mesrak, the Ethiopian-we would converse with you," said the Cretan, in a whisper.

The slide was again closed, and a moment after they beheld a small, dark form standing by their side. So noiseless had been her approach that the two young men were momentarily startled by her sudden appearance.

"I am here—what would you?" asked the oman, whose black face was plainly visible in the starlight, and appeared strangely ugly and cunning.

But she was richly dressed, and was evidently a trusted servant of Al Sirat Pasha. Here, place this purse in your belt, and it may improve your bearing and oil your

tongue. You are Eldrene, are you not?"
"Yes; my lord is generous with his gold. What would he have me do?"

'Answer a few questions, first—where is she who was once the favorite of Al Sirat's

"Al Sirat Pasha has had many favorites."
"True; I refer to Alfarida, of Crete?" "Go ask the grave; she has been gone for

"Then Mesrak spoke the truth. Now, tell me, where is the Lady Zuleikah?"

The woman started and gazed searchingly

into the face of the questioner; then she turned an earnest look upon Paul Malvern. "What know you of the Lady Zuleikah?"

she asked, after awhile, I know she is in the walls of this harem; she is my kindred; I would see her." 'To all who speak the language of the Turk it were useless to explain how inviolate is the

sanctity of the harem. Yes; but gold keys will sometimes unlock portals which iron keys fail to do. Mesrak sent us to you; I have given you a purse heavy with gold. See, here is its equal if you lead me to the presence of the Lady Zuleikah."

The woman was silent for a moment and then said, slowly: "What use will the gold serve me if my life be the forfeit?"

"None; but your life will not be the forfeit.

I will double my offer to you." Come; I will take the risk. Ha! who is

that The woman sprung back in terror into the

shadows of the building, as a form advanced suddenly from the shrubbery. "Signor, it is Taras," and the coxswain came forward.

"Well, what is it?" asked the Cretan.

The signal of recall is hoisted on board the vacht, signor, 'This is too bad—just on the eve of success! What can it mean?"

"Suppose you go and see—I will go with Eldrene, here, and effect the release of the fair

'Good! Signor Malvern, I will at once go on board, and return for you to the same place | into the chamber of the Lady Zuleikah. Be | Delos.'



The maiden started, and half raised herself from her reclining attitude.

and Captain Delos and Taras disappeared in the gloom, while Paul Malvern turned again

"I am ready to follow you now," he said, in fair Turkish.

The woman hesitated, and, se American held up before her a bag of gold. "See, I have your reward."

The eyes of the negress glittered avariciousy, while she said: You risk your life-I warn you.

"I fear not to die, woman; lead on."
The woman turned and, pushing aside the hrubbery, entered a narrow doorway in the wall, which led into a narrow hall, dimly lighted by an iron lamp swung from the ceil-

With noiseless tread the two traversed the full length of the passage-way, and then the woman halted before a heavy curtain that con-

"Stand beneath the folds of this drapery. If any one comes do not move; I will return

So saying Eldrene left Paul Malvern se curely hidden, and entered a door beneath the A flood of light burst forth, but only for an

astant, and then the young adventurer found | the door behind him, he gazed into the room. himself again in dim obscurity. As he waited in breathless silence he could almost hear the beating of his own heart; not

that he feared for himself; but a dread was upon him that he might not succeed in his bold A few moments passed—an age it seemed to

nim—and then the light again streamed forth from the open door, and Paul turned to greet the negress. Quickly the door closed; but in the instant

of light Paul Malvern beheld that it was not the negress who stood before him; on the contrary, it was a tall, brawny Ethiopian slave. Each man stood beneath the folds of the curtain, glaring at each other in the dim light, and then the slave sprung nimbly back, freeing himself from the curtain, and attempting to draw his scimitar.

But Paul Malvern was now thoroughly alive to his peril, and with his drawn scimitar in hand sprung upon the Ethiopian with the activity of a panther springing upon his prey.

There was a clash of steel, a dull thud, a luxuriant masses all around her. craping sound of steel meeting bone, a heavy fall, a deep groan, a dragging up of the limbs, and the Ethiopian's days on earth had ended.

Hastily dragging the body against the wall, Paul concealed it beneath the trailing folds of just as the door opened, and Eldrene stood be- dream fore him.

It was all she said, and obeying, the young he thought. man stepped into the brightly-lighted room. "The slave did not see you. I feared all tion, unable to move or speak. was lost when he passed through. He is the night guard," said Eldrene, and terror was yet

visible upon her face. "He said nothing to me," evasively replied Paul, and he glanced around him, and discovered that he was in what appeared to be a from her reclining attitude. large anteroom, brightly lighted by a swinging silver lamp, filled with scented oil, that caused a pleasant fragrance through the cham-

"But you will remain to guide me hence?"

that, after all, the negress might prove a trai-

After a few seconds of thought, he said: "Eldrene, are you aware where Mesrak is?"
"He is in no danger, is he?" queried the wo-

man, in sudden fright. Is he aught to you?"

"He is all to me; he is my son," she cried, "Well, he is in no danger if I return safe to my companions; but if harm befall me, he will lose his life."

Whether the negress had intended treachery before, it were hard to tell; but certain it is once placed himself in front of her, his drawn that all thought of it fled from her mind at scimitar in one hand, a revolver in the other. the danger of her son, and she replied:

"I will await you here and guide you out; calmly.

the velvet hangings and opened the door.

Before it hung, upon the other side, a velvet curtain, fringed with gold, and worked in silver thread. Through the folds of velvet, after closing

It was a chamber of large size, carpeted with mossy matting, and furnished with an alarm. He discovered me beneath the curtain, oriental luxuriousness that was most inviting.

Through the chamber floated a balmy at mosphere most delightful to the olfactories, and upon all rested a dreamy voluptuousne that made the senses languid, and invited repose. found?" Upon a mass of silken and velvet cushions, in one corner of the room, half reclined a fe male form—that of a young girl who seemed

scarcely more than sixteen years of age. Her recumbent position displayed her faultless form to perfection, for she was attired who would rob the pasha of his treasure. dark velvet added to the beauty of her com- jewel

Her face was pale, nay, white as snow, in its purity, and every feature formed in a perfect mold, while her eyes were large, dark, and dreamy to sadness. Her lips, slightly parted, displayed perfect

Upon her arms were heavy bracelets of gold,

sandals loosely laced. A more bewitching vision of beauty never the heavy curtain, and again took his stand, Paul Malvern almost believed himself in a woman's hand.

For some moments he stood in silent admira- by the blow; but she said, savagely; membrance of his peril and his mission, and he | wished to see her.'

called, in the language of the Turk: "Lady Zuleikah!

"Lady Zuleikah!" strangely flute-like. "One who has come to serve you-one un-

A few whispered words between the two, and Captain Delos and Taras disappeared in

At suddenly beholding a man before her-a "No; you know the way. Give me my stranger, and evidently one who was neither knask." Greek or Turk-Zuleikah started back with a Paul Malvern hesitated, for he knew not but half cry of alarm. As she did so, old Eldrene ed her along the shore, until the marble stairto the room, while there broke from her lips three words:

We are lost !"

CHAPTER VI. ROBBING A HAREM.

THE intrepidity of Paul Malvern's character at ce displayed itself at the sudden appearance of the negress, who had burst into the room with the startling cry upon her lips.

Zuleikah, wholly unnerved, sunk back upon the luxurious couch of cushions; but Paul at What is the danger, woman?" he asked,

"Poor Balzac has been slain. We are dis-Without hesitation Paul Malvern drew aside covered, and guards are now lying in wait to see velvet hangings and opened the door. thought that Balzac let you in." "By Balzac do you mean he whom you told

me was the night-guard?" asked Paul. "Yes. He lies in his blood in the hallway

attempted to attack me, and I killed him. Zuleikah shuddered, while old Eldrene said,

with anger:

"And what will be thought when he is "That he died like a good sentinel upon his post. I have heard that wealthy Turks keep

their golden treasures hidden in their harem loubtless your master does the same, and it will be thought that Balzac was attacked by those He richly in silken trowsers, clasped with gold buckles above the ankles, while the caftan of who shall rob his harem of its brightest "What mean you?" asked the old negress

"Simply that the Lady Zuleikah was stolen "Oh, God! if you will do this, upon my bended knees will I thank you, signor," and

teeth, and her hair, amber in hue, hung in the beautiful maiden threw herself down before Paul, who quickly raised her, and turned upon the negress, who had drawn a jeweled dagger, studded with gems, and upon her feet were and with blazing eyes was advancing upon

before burst upon the gaze of mortal man, and scimitar struck the gleaming dirk from the

Could this enchanting scene, this fragrant air, this luxury, and this angelic being be real?

"One cry, one move on your part, and I will be several moving objects, which he knew to be boats in search of him; but with a mile's he thought.

"One cry, one move on your part, and I will be several moving objects, which he knew to be boats in search of him; but with a mile's start he did not fear them, and kept swiftly The negress shrunk back, her hand benumbed

You did not say that you wished to rob Then there gradually stole over him a re- the harem of the Lady Zuleikah; you only "Did you believe me a fool to leave her here

to become the toy of a cruel Turk? Hold! you The maiden started, and half raised herself | will remain here. If you attempt to leave this room I will end your days, woman though you be; and have you forgotten that if harm "Who calls my name?" she asked in tones befalls me your son's moments on earth are

"Beneath yonder curtain is a door; it leads thown to you, but who is the friend of Julian to the chamber of the Lady Zuleikah. Be Delos."

A look of piteous entreaty came over the black face, and sinking upon her knees she glance about for the yacht. To his surprise she was not come to serve you—one under the black face, and sinking upon her knees she glance about for the yacht.

ing no word. The thought of her son's danger

had conquered her. "Lady, I left your kinsman, Julian, only a few moments since. He was coming to rescue you himself, but was unexpectedly called away, and I have come to save you in his stead: will

you trust yourself to me? "I am an American, whose life your kinsman saved, and I am now enlisted under the same banner as himself. Will you trust yourself with me, fair lady?"

The tears rushed into the eyes of Zuleikah, and, with her face radiant with joy, she

"Go with you? Yes, to the ends of the earth, if you will only take me from this Paul's heart bounded-he felt that he was in

dangerous company for his own peace of mind, and said, quickly: Throw around your shoulders some mantle, lady, and make what preparations you de-

Zuleikah at once set to work, and, though scowled upon by Eldrene, was soon in readiness, and crept to the side of her preserver.
"Woman, you lead the way, and beware of

treachery," said Paul, sternly, and silently and sullenly the negress obeyed. Passing out of the door, they traversed the

ante-chamber and soon found themselves in the passage-way, where the form of the dead Ethipian lay, half-enveloped in the curtain. Paul felt Zuleikah shudder as her eyes fell upon the body, but he drew her closer to his

side, and rapidly threaded the long passage

At the outer door the negress drew back, and said, harshly: 'Now you can be your own guide; give me

my gold."
"I will when we are free. Come with me

to the water's edge. The woman muttered a curse and walked on in front, going down the orange avenue, as

Paul directed her. A short walk brought them to the banks of the Bosphorus, and here, to his surprise, almost terror, Paul Malvern discovered no boat

awaiting him. But he kept back his surprise, and said,

quietly: "Woman, lead to the landing-stairs of the

The negress walked off, and the two follow-

Here lay a half-dozen caiques, or barges, and selecting one of the smallest, Faul drew it alongside the steps and aided Zuleikah there-

Then he turned to the negress and said: "Here is the purse I promised you. Make up what story you please about the dead slave when I am in safety your dead son will re-

turn to you." So saying he sprung into the caique and seized the oars, while Eldrene weighed the heavy gold in her hand, and said, gruffly:
"See that my son returns to me—or I'll

spend this gold in tracking you to death.' "So be it, woman," and thus saving Paul sent the light craft off from the shore with one

vigorous stroke of the oars. As he did so two forms arose in one of the barges, and, beholding them and believing all discovered. Eldrene cried out:

"Seize him, slaves—he has robbed the ha-Instantly the two slaves sprung to their feet, the starlight displaying their black faces and white costumes, while they seemed anxious to make up for their having been asleep on

their posts by capturing the bold raider of a pasha's harem. Seeing their intention, Paul Malvern gave one more vigorous pull at his oars, and then the starlight gleamed upon a pistol in his out-

stretched hand. Then followed a flash, a ringing, echoing report, a wild death-shriek, a splash in the water, and again silence.

Once more he bent to his oars, with one word of comfort to the crouching Zuleikah, and like an arrow from the bow the light caique shot down the Bosphorus, keeping close in under the shadow of the trees along the bank. But the shot had alarmed the inmates of the

kiask; lights flashed hither and thither, and the from her home by your cruel master, and that shrill voice of the old negress called for aid, and hurrying feet were heard rushing toward the landing. But, pulling with herculean strength, Paul

Malvern sent the caique flying from the scene of danger, and soon the sounds died away in A short, hard pull and he left the shadow of

the trees, and struck boldly out into the Bos-"Back, woman!" and one wave of the phorus, heading for the anchorage of the Behind him, far off on the waters, were visi-

> on toward the spot where he had left the ves-Why he had not found a boat awaiting him, or why if Captain Delos could not return he had not sent Taras to meet him, he could not conjecture; but that all would in the end be well he had not the slightest doubt, and spoke

cheerfully to his fair companion, who certainly displayed considerable nerve in the trying ordeal in which she found herself. Having rowed for half an hour, and feeling that he must be near the vessel, Paul momen

A look of piteous entreaty came over the tarily rested upon his oars, and turned to To his surprise she was not visible.

"Can I have missed my bearings?" he muttered, and again he bent a searching glance around him.

"No, she was anchored about half a dozen cables' length off the seraglio, and yonder towers that dark pile-by Heaven! she has

Again he strained his eyes in every direction, and his face became cold with dread, his hands almost nerveless, for he felt that the yacht had certainly gone; he was upon the Bosphorus in an open boat—his only compan-ion a beautiful girl whom he had boldly res cued from a harem's walls.

Here and there upon the starlit waters were his pursuers; haven, he knew of none; what to do he could not tell; to be captured was eertain death to both.

The thought was terrible, yet true, and in almost despair the brave man bent his head, hardly daring to speak to or look upon the fair girl whom he had brought forth from a life of gilded misery to face a horrible death.

CHAPTER VII. THE FUGITIVES.

ALTHOUGH at first almost overwhelmed with the perilous situation he found himself in, Paul Malvern soon rallied, and his intrepid nature once more arose to meet any crisis that might

Had he been alone upon the Bosphorus, he would have enjoyed the danger; but with a young girl relying upon him for protection, and deserted by the yacht, with no place of refuge, he felt indeed the fearful responsibility falling upon him.

Were we not to have met my cousin here! Did you not say that his yacht was anchored off the seraglio?" asked the musical tones of

"Yes, fair lady: but some sudden danger has caused your cousin to put to sea, I fear, for I can nowhere discover his vessel; but do not despair: I will do all in my power to save you from recapture, and in time all will come well I hope you do not believe me guilty of having deceived you," and Paul spoke with great ear-

"No, oh! no; you would not do that-I believe, as you say, that some danger has caused my cousin to fly; he will return; but where shall we go? See, those boats are coming

That was the question which Paul was striving in vain to answer: where should they go? Suddenly a thought flashed upon him -he would go to an inn where, in better days, he

had passed much of his time. When poverty overtook him, he had not gone back to the inn, so that the worthy host did not know him as other than a guest with

Instantly determining upon his course, he seized the oars once more, and again the light caique was flying over the waters; and not an instant too soon, for in his moments of apathy two pursuing barges had approached quite nea

Finding that he would be pursued, Paul de termined to land, and fly through the streets of the town, and thus elude his followers.

A few strong strokes brought him to a stone stairway descending into the water, and here he quickly sprung ashore, at the same time aiding Zuleikah to a footing on the steps

Come, lady, we must basten," and draw ing her hand within his arm, he strode rapidly away, turning the nearest corner, to come full upon a patrol of guards, who had evidently been watching his approach from the river. 'Inshallah! who are you?" exclaimed one of

the guards, evidently an officer Paul threw himself upon the offensive, and with his drawn scimitar, commanded, sternly "Stand aside! I pass here. He who attempts to bar my way does so at his peril!"

The Turks shrunk back momentarily, for the tall form, bared scimitar, flashing eyes and brave manner of the American awed them; but the next instant the party in pursuit, fiv black slaves, dashed up, and Paul found him self between two foes, immeasurably his superior in numbers.

Yet still he stood at bay, determined not to yield without a struggle, and his gleaming

scimitar was held on guard. He has robbed the harem of his lordship Al Sirat Pasha, of one of his most beautiful ladies; he must restore her, and suffer death for his temerity," said the kaid of the slaves, in an angry tone, yet at the same time keeping at a respectful distance from the sweep of

"If you have done this, signor, your death is assured. Return the maiden to the kaid, and I will claim you as a prisoner," said the

officer of the guard. "The ring ! try the ring," whispered Zuleikah, earnestly, into the ear of Paul, as she clung to him.

The ring? What ring?" answered Paul, at a loss to understand the words of the maiden. The ring on your left little finger. It is a signet; try its virtue," and Zuleikah placed her hand upon a small seal ring that glittered in

the light of the lamp upon the hand of her Yet Paul seemed still at a loss to compre hend her, until Zuleikah repeated, more earnestly than before:

Try the ring. Demand to go unmolested by virtue of the signet ring you wear." Feeling that there was some good reason for the maiden's words, although at a loss to under-

stand why, Paul seized upon the hint, and holding forth his hand he said, sternly: Respect this signet, and allow me to pass

with her whom I protect.' Holding out his hand as he spoke, he turned the ring so that the lantern's light fell full

upon it. The officer of the guard stepped forward, glanced upon the ring, and then bent low in obeisance, while he responded in most humble

"I respect the signet, your Highness; pass God is great. on!

With amazement he could scarcely conceal, Paul Malvern lowered his scimitar, saluted the officer, and drawing the arm of Zuleikah closer in his own, walked rapidly away, leaving the leaving you to carry out his plans. Am I right, guard and the group of slaves in respectful at-

titude, watching his departure. A walk of half an hour through the deserted streets of Constantinople brought him to a spacious building, which he seemed to know

Knocking at a small doorway, Paul drew Zuleikah into the shadow, and awaited a response to his summons at the portal. It soon came in the person of a Turk, who

inquired what was wanted. You remember me, Abdallah? I seek

here," said Paul, stepping forward where the light of the hall lamp fell upon him. The signor American! It shall be as you direct. the door, and the fugitives passed within, to trusted now?" find themselves, a few moments after, in most comfortable rooms.

will endeavor to find some means of escape from this hated city; for I cannot believe that Captain Delos has gone off without leaving some word for me. Should you need me, I am within the adjoining room," and Paul bowed ow to the maiden, whe had thrown herself, as though fatigued, upon a pile of silken cushions

"Signor, I beg that you will not expose yourself to danger. Be careful, even though you wear the sultan's private signet upon you hand. "The sultan's private signet!" said Paul

with surprise, looking attentively at the ring upon his finger. 'Yes; are you in ignorance of it? Nay, you

must be, for to night you seemed not to know its virtue," and Zuleikah gazed earnestly into the handsome, puzzled face of the American, who replied:

"Lady, this ring is all I held of value in the wide world, last night. I had even forgotten its possession, until changing my clothes for this uniform, the past day; I found it stowed away in an obscure pocket of my vest; how I became possessed of it is a long and mayhap interesting story, which, if time hangs heavy on our hands to-morrow, I will explain. Now will let you retire to rest, for sadly you need it; but to your ready wit I owe it that we were extricated from our peril to-night, for frankly I confess I knew not that the ring had any

'It has wonderful power. There are but three of those signets in existence, and every officer of the sultan knows their virtue and is compelled to respect it. One of those rings the sultan wears, the second was given to Al Sirat Pasha, and his harem favorite wears it, and there I saw it and learned its power. third you have on your finger. With it in your possession you wield immense influence ere in this land of the Turk."

Paul made no reply, but dazed, almost, by what he had heard, and believing, after his experience of the past twenty-four hours, that he was living in a land of magic and mystery, as it were, he bowed low to his beautiful com anion and retired to his own chamber, where for hours he turned about on his soft couch his brain and heart on fire with the whirlwind of thoughts that crowded upon him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COUNCIL OF PLOTTERS. WITH a feeling of unrest Paul Malvern was early astir, and sauntered forth to have a glance

over the Bosphorus to see if the sails of the racht greeted his eyes. Obtaining a position where he had a full view of the Bosphorus he looked long and searchingly around for the Silver Scimitar, as Julian Delos had named his vessel; but nowhere

was she visible Other craft in numbers were dotting the sungilded waters of the Golden Horn and Bosphors, but nowhere could the slender masts and trim hull of the yacht be discerned.

Mashallah! does the signor seek the flag of his nation at the peak of some vessel on the posom of the Bosphorus?"

Paul turned quickly upon the speaker, and oeheld a man whose dark hair and eyes, classical features and general bearing denoted him as a Greek of the higher order.

'I seek a vessel that but yesterday lay off this point. She is not at her anchorage today," he replied, quietly, and with a show of no particular interest.

A vessel carrying the ensign of Great Britain—a trim-looking cruiser? Doubtless; she seemed like an armed ves-

The Greek looked fixedly into the face of Paul and then said, in an interrogatory man-

You are neither Turk, Armenian or Jew?" "And yet not a Greek?" No: I am an American

"Still you wear the uniform of an officer on board the cruiser that was anchored off here Paul made no reply; he knew not how far

to trust the Greek, who, after a moment's si "Signor, are you he whom men call Paul Malvern?

Paul started. Had his steps been dogged! After all was he to lose his life, and, worse still be instrumental, innocently it might be, in bringing death upon the beauteous Zuleikah? He glanced quickly around him; none other were in sight of them, and, laying his hand upon his scimitar, he said, quietly

Yes: I am Paul Malvern; what would you. You left the vessel last night in company

with Captain Delos?" "How know you this, signor?"

"Yes, I left the yacht last night." "And rescued from the kiosk of Al Siras

Pasha a Cretan maiden-"Proceed, signor; I am all attention," quiet ly responded Paul, still grasping the hilt of his

"Signor Malvern, take your hand from your weapon; I seek you, not for harm, but for your welfare. I was seeking to learn

omething of you, when I saw you approach this spot and gaze out upon the Bosphorus We have never met before, yet we are brothers in arms. I am a Greek, and I bear you a message from the Signor Delos." Still Paul would not commit himself, for the

mysterious disappearance of Captain Delos, and his being in a land of strange adventure and stranger people, made him cautious, and he replied, quietly:
"Granted that I am Paul Malvern, what

lessage do you bring me from the Signor De-The Greek gazed searchingly into his face a

moment, and then said: You left the yacht last night, accompanied by the Signor Delos and four men; you sought the kiosk of Al Sirat Pasha, and a signal of re-

signor? 'Proceed." "The signal on board the yacht I caused to to get under way at once, as a cruiser was going to anchor alongside of him, his vessel being

The Signor Delos had just returned on slipped, sail set, and the Silver Scimitar at once headed for the Sea of Marmora, leaving chambers for myself and a lady who is with me in my caique to go and look after you; but me. See that no one knows of my coming a guard-boat was watching me, and I was here," said Paul, stepping forward where the forced to land in Istamboul, but I have been I learned that you escaped last night with one

> What message sent Signor Delos to me?" "That he would await your coming in one petticoats.

"Here, lady, you can rest, and to-morrow I of the inlets on the southern shores of the Island of Lemnos—"
"How am I to reach him?"

"That I will manage. A small coasting vessel shall be chartered to-day, and upon it you shall go, accompanied by two-score Franks, Greeks, Americans, and a few renegade Turks, whom we have enlisted in the Cretan service. Return to your hostelry, for I know that you have found shelter somewhere; change your uniform for the dress of a Greek, and come to my house—it is in the Jews' quarter; ask for the house of Dimitri, the Greek merchant there you will meet others friendly to our ause, and we will decide upon how and when

you must leave this nest of infidels. Paul Malvern no longer doubted his new found friend, and frankly held forth his hand,

which the other grasped warmly. 'I will at once purchase the required costume, and join you before very long; until then adieu," and so saying, Paul walked briskly away, happy at having solved the mystery of the yacht's departure, and that he could cheer the heart of Zuleikah.

Entering a shop, he soon made the required parchases, with gold left with him by Captain Delos, and then walked rapidly back to his hostelry, where he quickly changed his cloth ing, and having partaken of breakfast, sough an audience with Zuleikah.

The maiden received him with a hightened color and gracious manner, and seemed even more beautiful by daylight than by lamp-light, for the beauty of her complexion was displayed

to better advantage. 'Lady, I bear good news. Your cousin awaits us at an island in the Archipelago, and perhaps to-night we start to join him. I go now to meet a Greek, one of his intimate

friends. Zuleikah received the intelligence with joy, and said softly:

"Signor, I have full trust in you, and yet I ong to be away from this hated land. Paul made some gallant remark, bade the maiden have hope, and then wended his way toward the Jews' quarter of Constantinople where, without difficulty, he found the shop of the Greek merchant.

Upon inquiry he found that the Signor Dimitri awaited him, and he was ushered into a chamber where sat a score of men drinking sherbet, and smoking their fragant chibouques.

The room was dense with perfumed tobacco smoke, yet Paul could discern at a glance that the Greek predominated among those present while there were Jews, Franks, Americans, and one or two heavily-bearded dark-faced Turks. 'Signor American, I greet you. These are our friends, who, here under the very shadow of the Sublime Porte, are plotting to tear the brightest jowel from his crescent. this is the brave gentleman of whom I spoke the well trusted friend of Captain Delos," and at the words of the Greek merchant all arose to their feet and bowed, while several came forward and offered their hands in token of

friendship. In the conversation that then followed it was arranged that the Signor Dimitri should that day charter a swift sailing craft, load her with supposed goods, but in reality with supplies for the Cretans, and dispatch her to the islands

in the Archipelago, on a trading voyage.

Also it was decided that she should sail at midnight, and pick up, as she sped down the Sea of Marmora, several boat-loads of men who were to be lying in wait for her, and that

Paul Malvern should go in command.

"And where shall I join the craft?" asked Paul of Signor Dimitri.

"At her anchorage, just after dark;" and, in a whisper, he continued, "and as to your fair companion, I will give you the dress of a Greek lad for her to wear. Your bold robbery of a harem has set the people wild, and you must be very careful; her death and your would follow your capture; but the costume give you for her will fully disguise her.'

thanked the kind (sent volunteering his vessel for the service, it was soon arranged, a rendezvous appointed and the council of plotters at an end for the

(To be continued-commenced in No. 370,)

GREAT BATTLES OF THE OLD WORLD .- At Durham, 1346, there fell 15,000; at Halidonhill and Agincourt, 20,000 each; at Bautzen and Lepanto, 25,000 each; at Austerlitz, Jena and Lutzen, 30,000 each; at Eylau, 60,000 at Waterloo and Quatre Bras, one engagement 70,000; at Borodino, 80,000; at Fontenoy, 100,000; at Yarmouth, 150,000; at Chalon, no less than 300,000 of Attila's army alone. Moors, in Spain, about the year 800, lost in one battle 70,000; in another, four centuries later, 180,000, besides 50,000 prisoners; and in a third even 200,000. Still greater was the carnage in ancient times. At Cannæ 70,000 The Romans, alone, in an engagement with the Cimbri and Teutones, lost 80,000. The Carthaginians attacked Hymera in Sicily with an army of 300,000 men, and a fleet of 2,000 hips and 3,000 transports; but not a ship or a transport escaped destruction, and of croops only a few in a small boat reached Car hage with the melancholy tidings. Marius slew, in one battle, 140,000 Gauls, and in an other 290,000. In the battle of Issus, between Alexander and Darius, 110,000 were slain; in that of Arbela, 300,000. Julius Cæsar onc annihilated an army of 363,000 Helvetians; in battle with the Usipetes he slew 400,000 and on another occasion he massacred 430,000 "had crossed the Rhine with Germans, who their herds and flocks and little ones in quest of new settlements.'

ROYAL CRUELTY. - Frederick the Great, throughout all his life, was fond of music. When young, he visited the house of a trades man at Potsdam, whose daughter played upon the harpsichord, and accompanied him. Frederick's father had her delivered into the hands of the common hangman, who publicly whipped her through the streets of Potsdam. call being displayed from the masthead of the When Frederick succeeded to the crown he Silver Scimitar, the captain returned on board, | bestowed on her a pension of one hundred and fifty rix dollars. She was then wife to a poor

arman of Berlin. Frederick attempted to escape from court. but was prevented by the vigilance of his brube displayed, for I went to tell Captain Delos tal father, who had him tried, and, according to Thiebault, intended to have him executed His ministers were opposed to it. He was highly exasperated, and called them "a pack of scoundrels;" and swore that his son should poard when we noticed a cruiser coming down suffer death in spite of them. He had him from the Gulf of Izruid, and the cables were tried a second time by a council of war. When sentence was about to be passed, the president declared that he saw no cause for passing sentence of death on him-and drawing his sword, heeled swore he would cut off the ears of any person who differed from him in opinion. Frederick constantly on the watch since to find you, for was unanimously acquitted. Frederick William, believing his daughter privy to her Come in," and the host threw open of the pasha's beauties. Signor, am I to be brother's intentions, beat and kicked her so violently that she would have fallen from the him for this fuss, an' he wouldn't have it, an' window, had not her mother held her by the if that big cuss shoots it ain't the clean white

THE TRAVELED MENDICANT.

BY MARO O. ROLFE.

Aunt 'Rusha Brown is a good old soul.
As you will care to meet;
She lives in a house of glaring brick.
Around in t'other street.
This fine old maid is charitable.
As any one can be,
And she never turned a beggar off.
Without a cup of tea,
And cookies few or many,
And a little bit of good advice.
Made acceptable with a penny.

One day there came to the good soul's door
A stout and lusty tramp;
And he entered, as a sheriff might,
With a resounding stamp—
He informed the lady that he was born
Lame, blind, and deaf and dumb,
And, for a trifle in charity,
He to her house had come—
Some tea and cookies many
And a little bit of good advice,
Made acceptable with a penny.

He told Miss 'Rushahe'd traveled far, He told Miss 'Rushahe'd traveled far,
Through many foreign lands,
And with mighty Eastern potentates
He oft had shaken hands;
And he also said he'd talked with kings,
And daneed at their behest;
And then a moderate benefit
He did of her request—
Some tea and cookies many,
And a little bit of good advice
Made acceptable with a penny.

The good woman looked the stout tramp o'er Quite keenly through her spee's, And, out of the pocket of his coat, She drew two eucher decks!
Said she: "Impostor! How dare you come With such a brazen face, Expecting me to bestow on one Fallen so far from grace, Some tea and cookies many, And a little bit of good advice Made acceptable with a penny?"

The wanderer stood quite sorrowful—
He neither paled nor flushed;
But out of his sad and mournful eyes
Some tears of anguish gushed;
"A wicked man has got," he quavered,
"A hatred, strong as death,
Ag'in' me, which I'll make plain to you,
Or you may stop my breath
With tea and cookies many,
And annoy me with your advice
Without the acceptable penny.

"I beat him hollerin' loud and strong,
And hearin' little sounds,
And I could distinguish smaller specks
Than any on the grounds;
In a race I kept him far behind,
And bore off all the stakes;
And to have a vile revenge on me
He this mean method takes;
Give tea and cookies many,
And a little bit of good advice
Made acceptable with a penny."

Miss Brown wept tears of bitter shame at Thought of her unkindness Toward this man, gaunt, lame, dumb and deaf—

deaf—
Groping in his blindness!

Dear stricken wanderer, 'then spoke she,
"You re welcome to my home;
Oh, forgive, I pray, my thoughtlessness,
And to the parlor come
For tea and cookies many,
And a I tile bit of good advice
Made acceptable with a penny!"

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE CONTEST.

"Cock-A-DOODLE-DO! hyer I am, the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian—the Pet of the Niobrara -the 'tarnal-cavorting, big-horned sheep of the Rocky Mountains! I kin grin a b'ar to death, I kin! I live on rattlesnakes an' drink alcohol straight!" yelled the bully, outside the aloon, but evidently right at the door. 'Whar's the man that w'ars the deerskin togs! kin eat him, I kin, cl'ar from his head to his

feet, barrin' the toe-nails!" The hoarse chorus of ha, ha's that are the air after this startling deflance testified that the antics of the mule-driver had attract

ed a crowd. You're in for it now, old man," Hallowell observed. "It's either fight or back down!" A peculiar light shone in Montana's dark a light that Big Lige had never before

seen there "If the fool will have it, the consequer be on his own head!" Montana said, quietly but there was a menace in his voice that boded no good to the bullwhacker.

Come out, you man that fites with sp'iled hen-fruit-come out hyer an' let me bite your ear off." yelled Mr. Bludsoe, at the top of his "I'm the galoot that runs this hyer town. Come out, you long-haired, slab-sided

And then, as if unable to resist this pressing invitation, Montana stepped through the door of the shanty into the open air, Hallowell fol-

lowing closely behind. The crowd who surrounded the capering giant in a half-circle, laughing at his antics,

immediately scattered. The bullwhacker was flourishing a big sixshooter, and the men of Deadwood nothing doubted, upon seeing Montana advance from the recesses of the Big Horn shanty, that a 'shooting match" was at hand, and long ex perience had told these worthy Western gentlemen that in a street affray, in nine cases out of ten, the bystanders always stand a much better chance of getting hit than the real actors

But Montana came out quietly, his hands in his pockets, just as if he was about to proceed to his home, rather than answer a challenge to

blood and slaughter. The bullwhacker incontinently followed the example of the crowd and dodged behind an awning-post that an enterprising tradesman had erected in front of his shanty, which was situated just across the street from the sale The idea of the giant attempting to shelter himself behind a post about four inches square was ridiculous, but he acted on the principle that a little shelter was better than

"Draw your we'pon--I'm heeled!" cried the bullwhacker, taking deliberate aim at Mon-

The miner never flinched. Straight as an arrow he stood, his hands still in his pockets, and looked with a contemptuous smile upon his face right in the muzzle of the leveled re

"Fire away! you can't hit the side of a house, you overgrown coward!" he exclaimed. Hold on!" cried Hallowell, jumping for ward, a cocked revolver in his hand, and covering the bullwhacker with the weapon This here is murder! My partner ain't

"Which I know to be a sure enough fact gents!" yelled Big Horn Dick, at the top of his lungs, the pretty pair of nickel-plated six shooters in his hands and both of them leveled at the Man-from-Cheyenne.

A murmur went up from the crowd. Nowhere on this broad earth can a man find a stronger love for fair play and no favor than dwells in the breasts of the rugged Black Hills

'No, no, gi'n Montana a we'pon!" exclaimed one of the bystanders.

"Yes, give him a fair show!" cried another.
"A fair shake an' no mistake!" said a third.
"Give him a popper!" sung out a friendly soul, safely ensconced behind the corner of the Big Horn shanty.

In a twinkling a dozen weapons, at the least, of all sizes and of all ages and makes, were proffered to the miner.

But with a shake of the head he refused them all.

"No, gentlemen," said he. "I reckon that I don't seek any man's life, and though I hold it no sin to strike in defense of my own, when I am assailed, yet in this case I do not see why I should be bullied into a fight with this stranger, simply because he has taken it into his head to quarrel with me. I have lived in Deadwood now for some time, and no man in the town can say that I was ever concerned in a quarrel. Why this man-a stranger hereshould want to have trouble with me, who ne ver injured him in the least, is a mystery. don't want to wound or kill him, and I don't mean that he shall kill or disable me. I reckon that, though we are in the Black Hills and outside the lines of civilization, you won't stand tamely by and see a man murdered in cold blood or else forced into a quarrel and made to risk his life to gratify the whim of a

bragging bully!" A little hum of approval came from the

crowd at this appeal.

Pretty decent sort of men, these toilers after gold and silver in the wilderness, notwithstanding the absence of the softening influences of

"That's gospel truth!" cried old General Bowie, who had just arrived at the scene of action. "Fellow-citizens! there is no law in the world by means of which you can compel a man to fight if he doesn't want to! Whar is our boasted liberty, guaranteed to us by our own great American eagle, when he plucked, baldheaded, the roaring lion of white-clifted Albion, if sich things kin be and overcomes us like a summer cloud without our especial won-

"Say, feller-citizens!" yelled the bullwhacker, in disgust, stepping out from behind the awning-post, "ain't I to have no show fur my money at all? This hyer deerskin cuss 'saulted me with eggs—eggs that were laid by an on-healthy hen! He jes' plastered 'em all over me like as if I were a tarnal big omelet, or was gwine to be fried with ham; then he wiped me all round in the mud t'other night, an' stood me on my head like a durned circus

Throw down your we'pons an' hev it out in a fair fight!" suggested one of the crowd,

anxious for fun. 'That suits me!" cried Montana, stripping off his deerskin coat in a trice. The giant laid aside his weapons reluctantly.

He had tested Montana's prowess once and w rather loath to measure strength and skill with him again. The bullwhacker rolled up the sleeves of his dirty red shirt with a great deal of display, and then he spat on his hands and skipped round a bit, as graceful as an elephant, evi-

dently hoping to impress Montana with a proper degree of dread before the conflict. Time!" yelled a bystander, impatient for the fun. The crowd, now that the "shooting-irons had been retired from the field of action, had

come from their places of refuge and formed a ring around the two antagonists.

The round full moon overhead, shining with all the brilliancy peculiar to the Black Hills region, gave ample light for every one to view

they were stripped for the contest, was not so great as one would have imagined. whacker was the taller and much the stouter man, but his brawny arms, although much oigger than Montana's, did not begin to show such development of muscle.

The stranger had experienced Montana's wrestling skill once, and therefore did not intend to come in close contact with him again if he could help it. He trusted to his weight, put into a tremendous blow, to crush his agile an agonist down at a single stroke

But Montana knew a trick worth two of that, and as the giant skipped around him, flourishing his huge arms like the fans of a windmill, the miner watched his chance, saw an opportunity, pretended to make a with his right hand at the bullwhacker's head, which action brought both of the stranger's clumsy fists up to guard his precious face, and then sent out his left in a tremendous stroke, catching the giant full in his fat stomach, just above the belt, knocking the wind out of him and sending him over backward with considerable force.

CHAPTER XXX. THE BULLWHACKER IS SATISFIED

"UGH!" involuntarily cried Mr. Bludsoe, as the blow landed, and as he sprawled over on his back he bumped his head in anything but

It was about as ridiculous a downfall as any man in the crowd had ever seen and one and all burst into a shout of laughter.

"First knock down fur Montana!" cried a facetious chap, "Mr. Bullwhacker goes to grass to reflect upon the Black Hills' earth quakes!" Time!" exclaimed the old general, impa-

tient for the fun to go on.
"Jest you hold yer hosses!" spluttered Bludsoe, slowly rising to his feet and puffing like a porpoise, endeavoring to recover his lost wind. "See hyer! 'tain't fair to hit a feller

whar he puts his grub!" The bullwhacker looked and felt indignant. 'All's fair above the belt!" Montana re plied.

"Correct!" cried the general, and the crowd "If yer gwine to hit me thar ag'in, durned

ef I want to fight!" Mr. Bludsoe protested.
"I ain't no dash-board to stand them mule "You must guard against them, then; the t's your look-out," Montana rejoined.

"Tain't fair, nohow!" growled the giant. "Oh, back out if you've got enough!" one of the crowd suggested. "Whipped on the fu'st round! Take him

home to his mewels!" yelled another, and then a burst of laughter came from the throng. The bullwhacker was decidedly comic And then again the two faced each other. For a desperate battle between two big men this was about as great a farce as had ever been witnessed in the streets of Deadwood.

Bludsoe profited by his experience this time. He kept at a safe distance from Montana, and if that gentleman made a motion as if he was

about to strike back, Mr. Bludsoe would jump

The crowd soon began to tire of this exhibition, laughable as it was, and presently one of the throng began to yell for eggs, in order to infuse a little courage into the bullwhacker.

Irritated by the sarcastic comments of the bystanders, and beginning to feel a little tired by his exertion-his surplus flesh was telling on him now-Bludsoe resolved to try the effect of a desperate rush, hoping by his weight to force Montana down.

He gathered himself together working his bigarms up and down like the piston of a steamengine, and then, concentrating all his ener gies, he made a ferocious attack upon the

Warned by the gleam in the eyes of his opponent, as well as by the expression upon his robe, while a couple of shoe-boxes, stood upon face, Montana was fully prepared for the on-

Lightly and nimbly as a dancing-masterand as graceful, too, as any Parisian professor of the toe and heel art—Montana evaded the mad rush by ducking under the right arm of the giant, and then, as the other endeavored in his clumsy way to turn and catch his nimble antagonist, Montana gave hima powerful poke under the arm on the ribs, and again the bullwhacker was forced over and tumbled to the ground. Falling "all in a heap" he managed to bring his nose in violent contact with the earth, thereby damaging that prominent organ considerably.

Fifteen thousand dollars to a cent on Montana!" exclaimed General Baltimore Bowie, in wild enthusiasm.

No one offered to take the bet; the sympathy of the crowd was entirely with the miner. and then, too, the general's credit was not as good as it might have been. No sane man in the town would have lent him five dollars on

"Say! this hyer ain't a fair shake!" exclaimed the Pet of the Niobrara, setting up on his beam-end and ruefully rubbing his damaged nose. "It's ag'in' all the rules to dig a feller in the ribs and scratch his horn at the same

Montana stood with folded arms, apparently quite satisfied to let the matter rest where it was, but Mr. Bludsoe, being a strange compound of bully and fool, had not yet got enough, although the fact was patent to the crowd that he was no match for the miner, notwithstanding his size, and that Montana had been playing with him, so far, as a cat plays with a mouse

Oh, I ain't ready to quit yit!" growled the bullwhacker, rising, slowly to his feet. "I reckon that when I fight, I fight, and I don't hop round like a jumping-jack. Stand up like a man an' lemme knock you down!"

The crowd roared at this nevel challenge and even Montana smiled. The usual good humor of the bullwhacker

had vanished and he was beginning to wish that he had the power to tear Montana limb from limb.

"Not satisfied, eh?" the miner asked, a dangerous light shining in his dark eyes as he un-folded his arms and again assumed a defensive position

"Satisfied, blazes!" and the bullwhacker a ferocious blow at Montana, which would materially have damaged that gentle man if it had struck him, but it did not, for, with the skill of the practiced boxer, the miner easily parried it with his left arm and at the same time, with the open palm of his right hand, he smacked Mr. Bludsoe's face with a vim that fairly brought the tears to the big,

goggle eyes of the mule-driver.

With a howl of rage Bludsoe rushed after him, but not one reached the mark, for Montana's steel-like arms easily threw them aside as the iron prow of the ocean steamer parts the breaking, white-topped billow; and then, as the bullwhacker paused, exhausted, puffing and blowing like a porpoise from his violent exer- an alarm in any way, this hyer durned old room. tions, the miner, with a quickness which was post-office will need a new clerk!" really wonderful, smacked the giant once, "Oh, don't shoot!" murmured twice and thrice in the face with the open palms of his hands, each hearty slap resounding like a pistol-shot.

Roused to new exertions by this outrage, and with a growl like a wild beast, the now infuriated giant rushed at Montana like a mad-

Not an inch now did the miner yield, but he stood his ground as firmly as though he were a solid rock imbedded in the earth's center; and as the bullwhacker rushed upon him he dealt him a terrible blow in the throat just under the chin—as awful a stroke as any eye in that

Back went the giant's head and up went his arms; his fierce, enward rush checked, he trembled for a moment like a monstrous cak of the forest torn suddenly from its hold in the firm earth, and then Montana, pushing his advantage and seemingly resolved to end the contest without delay, closed in upon the halfstunned bully, and with a strength that few would have believed to have dwelt within his sinewy form, by some peculiar grip, raised the mule-driver from his feet and cast him clean over his head. Down with a thump, that seemed fairly to shake the earth, came the giant, all the fight knocked clean out of him by the

And Montana, pale and erect, and breathing just a trifle harder from his exertion, seemed to have grown a trifle taller as he stood in the moonlit street, every inch a man.

Time!' exclaimed the general. wood City to a decayed orange on Montana! And well might the enthusiastic Bowie offer such odds, for the mule-driver had fainted.

The shock had stunned him. 'The man's dead!" cried one of the by standers, jumping a little too quickly to a con-

"Oh, no, he ain't!" cried another: "git a

bucket of water! "Whisky's better; he's more used to it!"

suggested a third. But, the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian recov ered without the use of either of these two

He gave a snort, opened his eyes and surveyed the crowd, gathered in anxious curiosity about him.

"The circus is over, gents, an' I hope that you've all got your money's worth; but ef you ain't satisfied I am!" he said, and then rose clumsily to his feet. "Pard, I axes yer par don. I 'pass!' Next time I undertake to fool round an airthquake I'll twist the tail of my lead mule!" And then he stalked off.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

At the hour of nine the deacon generally closed his store, Saturday night alone excepted; then, that being the general trading night of the week, he kept open till about eleven.

Tim had duly swung to and fastened the heavy window shutters, put the bar upon the idiot enough to put it into the wrong tree; but she hastily disappeared through the companion door and made all secure for the night. Then as I am goin' to have a leetle talk with the way.

as it were, of the grim mountain peaks be-

Tim entered his scantily-furnished apartment, and seantily-furnished it was indeed. A couple of dry-goods boxes upon which a buffalo-robe and some coarse gray army blankets were spread served for a bed. Another box did service for a table, and the inside for a ward-

Tim closed the door behind him, and carefully locked and bolted it, then he proceeded to withdrew, taking the key of the door with feel in the dark for the candle and matches which he had left upon the table.

Tim was a prudent young man, and all his worldly wealth was deposited in the little room. Therefore, during the day he kept the door carefully locked. There was no way of door-the only window being a small one, high up in the wall, looking into the front entry

In the daytime this afforded sufficient light, and even at night, when the store was fully illuminated, enough of the artificial glare came through the window to dimly light the room; but as the lights in the store had all been extinguished before Tim entered the room-a single one standing upon the desk of the deacon alone excepted—the apartment was in total darkness.

Tim found the matches and the candle, and endeavored to procure a light. The first match ignited, sputtered, but went

"Dum the match!" exclaimed Tim, groping in the dark for another; and then to the ears of the boy, naturally keen of hearing, came the sound of suppressed breathing, just as if some one were hidden within the room, and was endeavoring to conceal the fact.

The hair of the boy fairly rose on end. The first thought of the terror-stricken youth was to endeavor to escape at once, and so he glided, as noiselessly as possible, to the door; but as he outstretched his hands toward the lock, the cold muzzle of a pistol was abruptly pressed against his forehead, and a hoarse voice-a voice only too well remembered—said, in a low, menacing whisper:

"Stop a bit, young man; don't be in such a hurry; I want to talk to you for a while.' It was the voice of Silver Sam that spoke the masked road-agent of the upper gully.

Tim's knees trembled beneath him; but af-frighted as he was, still more he would have the wife of Herman Wake, a wealthy merbeen, to have encountered a stranger ruf-

Familiarity breeds contempt they say, and in this case the old adage certainly leaned toward the truth, for Tim would surely have fainted with fear but that he recognized the oice of the stranger.

"Is that you, Mr. Sam?" he murmured "That's my handle, sonny," the road-agent replied; "and now, little man, jest go ahead and gin us a light. We kin talk better than in

"I ain't got a cent hyer, mister," Tim whined, in terror, his thought intent upon his treasure concealed in a stocking, stowed away in a corner up near the roof. "Who sed you had?" responded the stranger

With a howl of rage Bludsoe rushed after his antagonist, showering blow after blow at so that we can talk in comfort, and mind your eye! Don't you try any gum games on me; it's a seven-shooter that's a lookin' at yer, and I've salavated better looking chaps than you air, just fur the fun of the thing. If you a glimpse of the thick black vail and the rustl-

"Oh, don't shoot!" murmured the boy, in Herman Wake and an old missionary,

"I don't intend to, sonny, ef I kin help it; but don't rub me ag'in' the grain or thar's no tellin' what will happen. Light the candle, little and be quick about it; I ain't a-goin' to harm the vessel had seen her once, since she came

Thus reassured, Tim retraced his steps, trembled like an aspen leaf.

And then, by the glimmering light, he turned and looked upon the stranger. As he had expected, he beheld Silver Sam. His face was still concealed by the half-mask,

from under which escaped the long, drooping mustache, so ferocious in its size; the co crowned broad-brimmed hat was pulled down over his brows precisely the same as when Tim had first set eyes upon him, but all the rest of his person was concealed by a long black cloak. that she was a widow. made with arms, domino fashion, from common paper muslin, and belted at the waist by a she engaged her passage she was, as usual, close heavy strap, thus effectually disguising his ly vailed.

Wha-what do you want?" murmured said to the captain on the day of Wolfred's Tim, in an affrighted whisper. "That letter that you were going to get for

me," said the road-agent, sternly. Why, I got it all right.

"Oh, did you? Well, then, fork it over." But I have.

"Have what?" "Give it to you." "The blazes you did!" growled the masked

Yes: I put it in the tree whar you told me. this very afternoon "No, yer didn't, for I war thar jest about taken d twilight, and nary paper did I see. What tree him off.

did you put it in?—a hollow oak tree on the left hand side of the West Gulch, 'bout half a mile this side of the Little Montana mine?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Tim, perceiving now the mistake he had made. "I missed that tree somehow-anyway, I thought that the oak was on the right hand side of the gulch as you went up.

"I sed left!" "Mebbe you did; but I was so frightened that I forgot; so when I came to an oak tree, with a hole in it, a stone throw from the mine, I reckoned that it war the place, and stuck the

"Oh, you're a smart boy-you are!" the road-agent exclaimed, in contempt

But, mister, I was so frightened!" pleaded "Is the deacon alone?" asked the disguised

man, abruptly. 'Yes, I reckon so.

"The shanty is all closed and locked in 'Ye-ve-ves.' Tim was at a loss to guess the meaning of

these questions, except that they portended mischief "Well, I'll let you off this time, seein' that you did get me the letter, although you were

he retired to his bunk, leaving Mr. Black busy deacon and don't want to be disturbed, I shall and then grin, as much as to say, "You didn't do it that time!" at his desk, settling up the business of the day. Time bunked in a small room at the back of room. In the morning you kin raise an alarm, the store, which was partitioned off into two and then you'll be let out, 'cos it's easy to git a apartments, one of which the deacon occupied.

A small entry, which led into the back-yard of the store, separated the two rooms.

key to fit the door; it didn't bother me much to get in. Another p'int! Jest keep your mouth shut about me; don't let on to a living We say back-yard, but "no pent up Utica" soul that you have ever see'd me; it will be contracted that domain, for, unobstructed by fence or confine, the "back-yard" extended kin make a big raise together, one of these clear to the distant foothills, the skirmish-line, days, without any risk. Jest say in the morning, when they come to let you out, that you forgot and left the key on the outside of the door, and that you had no idee that you were locked in till you tried to git out."

"Oh, I'll do it!" Tim replied, his naturally cunning mind quickly perceiving how plausible the tale would be. "All right; now we understand each other.

Put out your light and tumble into your bunk as soon as you kin."

ly he turned the key in the lock, thus making

Tim a prisoner. The narrow passage led directly into the door carefully locked. There was no way of store, and the glimmer of light, burning on getting into the room except through the desk, in front of which the deacon sat, making up his accounts, shone into the little

> With stealthy tread, noiseless as the creeping panther stealing in with all the caution of the feline tribe upon its prey, the road-agent advanced within the store.

The deacon, pen in hand, totally unsuspicious of mischief, was poring over his book.

The first intimation he had of danger was feeling a heavy hand press upon his shoulder, and the cold muzzle of a pistol placed against

his temple, as a low voice said: "A few words, deacon, in regard to Juliet

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

The Vailed Passenger.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

ABOARD the splendid clipper ship, Shooting Star, two weeks out from the port of Sydney, Australia, and homeward bound to New York, stood Mary Wolfred, passenger, a beautiful young girl of eighteen, a prey to the most in-tense grief, as, only two days before, her father, after a brief illness, had died in his state-

Not more than twenty-four hours had passed since his cold form was consigned to a watery grave, and now his child, gazing mournfully over the broad ocean, almost wished that she, too, was down in the dark depths.

chant friend, and also one of the passengers had succeeded in persuading her, ere he died, to promise him that she would wed with tha person, whom, however, she disliked, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary.

Now he came to her side, a man of forty with sharp, black eyes, a good color, and a sen

sual mouth.
"Mary," he said, gently, "I will not detain you long; but remember in me you have a good friend and protector, one who would lay down his life for you, if it were necessary. Let that

nsole you in your affliction."
"I know—I understand," replied the girl; "but I fear-I fear that nothing can ever re pay me for the loss of my dear, good papa. She hurried into the cabin, as she went brushing past a lady closely vailed.
"Poor child," murmured the woman.

The sweet, sympathetic voice fell soothingly on Mary's ear. She paused, and turned just in time to catch

the only passengers aboard the Shooting She was very quiet and reserved-perhaps little mysterious—as none of the occupants of

aboard, otherwise than with her vail down. It was an impenetrable vail, so that her fellow managed to light the candle, although his hand passengers could form no conjecture as to the sort of face it concealed. She seldom appeared on deck, and never at the cabin table; her meals were brought to her in her own room by her servant, a dwarfed little deaf and dumb girl of fourteen Save that she went by the name of Mrs

Marchmont, nothing was known about her either by the captain or any other soul aboard -the deaf and dumb girl probably excepted. As she always wore black, it was thought

She had taken passage at Sydney, and when 'I wonder what she is?" Herman Wake had

"Don't know, sir; but whatever she is, she makes but little trouble, which, you see, isn't common with the women folks. Ha! ha!"

"I don't remember ever seeing her in Syd ney," said Wake, "although I was there only six months. I would have stayed there longer but for my falling in with Wolfred and daughter, who were going to take passage for the United States. Wolfred persuaded me to go along with him, little thinking, poor fellow that on the very day out of port he would be taken down with an Illness that would car.y

A few weeks passed. Herman, whenever opportunity offered, was at Mary's side.

She did her best to receive his attention pleasantly, and at length, when he "proposed to her, she bowed her head meekly enough and gave him her hand.

Her heart was cold to him, her face was like white marble; but she would be true to her promise, although, in this case, it involved al most a "living death," for not only did she not love the man, but his presence was strange

ly repugnant to her. Then he left her, after she had agreed to be come his wife. She clasped her hands tightly and stood with compressed lips by the

looking down at the dark, indistinct waters for night was now upon the sea. 'My God!" she moaned to herself, "there

is then no way for me to escape this sacri 'Poor child!" Again that sweet, sympathetic voice, as she

where the shadow of the quarter-boat fell on the dimly-lighted deck. The rustling of a robe followed, and Mary caught a glimpse of the vailed passenger, as

Now it seemed to come out of the darknes

had heard it once before.

by Herman's side, both watching a sail which had just hove in sight far astern, the ship was place at once, everything being so conveniently

suddenly struck by a terrific white squall.

The wind howled and shricked in the rigblown far inboard, while the three masts reeled | both! and jerked as if about to be torn from the

In a few minutes the air was filled with flying rack and scud, and with clouds of flying spray that enveloped the vessel as she dashed on, under shortened canvas, with sheets of waer sweeping her decks like an avalanche. Mary had just entered the companionway,

when she heard a wild cry.

She turned, to catch a glimpse of Herman Wake's form, as he was carried overboard by a sea, which had torn away that part of the rail to which he had been clinging.

There was a rush of feet, followed by the orige of the way a rush of feet, followed by the

cries of the men, with which was mingled the oice of the captain.

No use; we can't lower in such a gale. He Mary peered through the companionway. but so thick were the scud and the spray that she could see nothing of the unfortunate man

who had been hurled into the mad waters. She staggered down into the cabin, to find aerself confronted by the vailed passenger.

'I heard the noise! Who was it?" Herman Wake."

"There is no hope for him?" "I am afraid not

Without another word, Mrs. Marchmon dided into her own room and closed the door.

For hours the storm continued to rage. When at last its fury abated, the captain reered ship, deeming it his duty to look for Herman, although no one aboard thought that he would ever be found.

All day the captain searched for him in Then he made sail on his former course. Next morning early an object was seen ahead,

on the water. It was soon discovered to be some person

clinging to a spar!
Was it possible this was Herman? A nearer view convinced all aboard that it

A boat was lowered and the castaway was soon picked up and taken to the ship. He was a noble-looking young man of twenty-five, who stated that he was an Ameri-

can—a Southern planter. He was nearly exhausted, but a little wine and some refreshments restored all the strength natural to his fine, vigorous frame.

His story was soon told. He had sailed from New Zealand aboard a orig, for his native city, Charleston, South The brig had foundered in the late squall.

and he had reason to think that all aboard except himself had perished. He had succeeded n getting hold of the spar from which he had been picked up.

As Mary encountered the large, dark, ad-

miring orbs of the stranger, while he was speakng, she experienced for him a feeling of deep sympathy, while her heart fluttered with the gratified vanity natural to a woman of eigh-

In fact these two young people seemed drawn oward each other from the first by that subtle link of congeniality which is hard to define. Weeks passed, during which they were much in each other's company

At last, one clear night, after the Shooting Star had passed round Cape Horn, Charles Gray—such was the name of the castaway ought Mary's side, told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. For answer the girl laid her little hand in

nis, and that was sufficient. Had the two not been on deck the passion inte Southerner would have showered kisses upon the blooming cheeks and upon that matchless white neck so temptingly near him. A fortnight later the ship touched at Buenos

Gray had all a lover's impatience to possess the beautiful treasure he had won

There was a missionary aboard, and he beged Mary to become his wife there and then. She endeavored to "put him off," as it was natural and becoming one of her sex should do, and yet she was not at all displeased when he almost insisted that the wedding should not be

The few necessary arrangements were soon The quarter-deck had been ornamented with

flags and otherwise decorated for the occa-The sailors, neatly dressed, stood at a re spectful distance. The vailed passenger, still wearing black,

Mary Wolfred and Charles Gray stood up be ore the old missionary, who was about to comnence the ceremony, when a boat which had been indistinctly seen approaching through a | ing in sumptuous estate, whom fools fawn upon og in the harbor glided alongside, and in the and at whose approach the poor tremble. gangway appeared a form and face that struck dismay to the heart of the young girl.

She became as pale as death, and staggered back with a wild, sharp cry, for the new-comer was none other than HERMAN WAKE-the man o whom she had previously betrothed herself for her father's sake!

Straight to the quarter-deck he quickly What does this mean?" he inquired. "I-we-thought you were lost," gasped

Mary, " and so I-I understand. You were about to wed an other. I say about, for I do not suppose the ceremony has yet been performed. Charles Gray surveyed the speaker haughtily.

Miss Wolfred has told me all. Let me in form you that she does not and never can love She is to become my bride! Nothing of the sort! I appeal to the ung lady. Mary, remember your promise oung lady.

your dying father! I will not give up my The poor girl seemed almost ready to sink to

"Oh! Charles, dear Charles! I must keep my word," she gasped, "unless he will be good enough to-to release me, and-" Never!" answered Wake, tragically.

What a pity, Mr. Wake," said the captain, that-I mean-how strange that you were no more, write above me

It was simple enough. You will remen ber that there was a craft astern of us, when I went overboard. Well, I clung to a piece of the ship's rail that had gone over with me, and in a few hours after I was seen and picked up by the vessel I speak of, which proved to be a Spanish brig bound to Buenos Ayres; so here and exit.)* I recognized the Shooting Star the moment we came into port, a few hours ago, and so, as soon as I could get a boat, I hurried here to claim my bride."

Remonstrances and entreaties were useless. Herman insisted on his claim. 'As I have come near being cheated out of

Early on the next morning, while Mary stood | my prize," he said, "I propose, in order not to again run any risk, that my wedding take

"Farewell, Charles, farewell!" murmured ging with such fury that the shrouds were Mary, holding out her hand. "God help us

"But, Louisa!" cried Gray, despairingly, "surely you are not obliged to wed this man so hurriedly—"

"I promised my father," said Mary, in a hollow voice, "that I should become Herman's bride whenever he should so will it. Woe! woe! the day when I gave that promise!" Wake grasped her hand.
"We want a bridesmaid," he said, with af-

fected gayety. "And Mr. Gray can be grooms-The vailed passenger stepped forward.
"Perhaps Miss Wolfred will accept me in that capacity," she said, almost in a whisper.

Mary's mind was too distracted for her to Instinctively, however, she pressed the

"Please go on, sir," said Wake to the mis-The latter was about to proceed with the ceremony, which would have made Mary and Mr. Wake man and wife, when, suddenly, the

vailed passenger moved forward, confronting Herman. "Please step aside, madam," said Wake.

What is it? Have you anything to say to 'Yes," answered the woman, and then, she quickly raised her vail, revealing a pale, noble ountenance, wearing traces of much suffer-

Herman staggered back as if he had been

"Good God, MY WIFE!" he said, in a hoarse "Yes, your wife," she replied, "whom five years ago you married privately. A year after you deserted me, without cause. I looked for you, and at last tracked you to Sydney. I took passage aboard this ship, knowing you wanted to make Miss Wolfred your wife. Think not, in following and thus watching you, I was actuated by jealousy. That feeling was killed by your abuse of me long ago. No, I simply wanted to ascertain your true character, and your purpose in leaving me. Perhaps, too, I slightly felt a desire for revenge, and it was for this reason that I resolved to wait until the very last moment—until you were actually about to wed this poor girl, ere making myself

known to you." The effect of this denouement may be imagined. Both Mary and Charles were so overwhelmed with joy, that, forgetting the presence of spectators, they threw themselves into

each other's arms. A few minutes later the missionary had pronounced the words that united the two happy overs.

Herman, baffled and enraged, left the ship and went ashore, to be followed an hour later by his wife. Months after the latter obtained a divorce

from her husband Mary and Mr. Gray read an account of it in a journal one day while sitting on the piazza of the pleasant Southern mansion, which was now the home of the planter and his bride.

The Tramp's Views of Life.

BY ORANGE LEMON, PH. D. Tramp comes walking on stage, hands in pocket, speaking as if in meditation.)

To be, or not to be, that is the question! Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And, by opposing, end them.

To die—to sleep—
Te sleep! perchance te dream—ay, there's the results of the sleep.

(Animated.) No, sir, I'll none of it! This world owes me a living—a good living—an honest living-such as becomes a man gentle born and well bred. That he should suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune is evidence not of his own folly but of the wickedness of these who grasp all and leave nothing for the rest. Vanderbilt, pshaw! (Flips hi inger disdainfully.) A common boatman-a sailor-a boor who always smelt of brine Astor-pshaw! He always smelt of muskrat skins and talked execrable English. Stewart. pish! A stick of tape and bobbin-a get-up early-go-to-bed-late, saving, grasping, small-minded grub after pennies. Peter Cooper minded grub after pennies. Peter Cooper—bah! Smells of glue, and old hoofs and horns

were his chief sources of pleasure. These be thy princes, oh, Mammon! These and like men, who smell of leather, soap, candy, petroleum, coal, cattle, printers' ink, drugs, gas and guano. It is they who air their ill-breed

Bah! The world is run by humbug. Men of parts, of merit, of eminent qualifications for particular work, are shoved aside or ignored and to the front comes marching the army of upstarts and scamps. They rule and reign; they fill all offices and block all avenues of power; they make our laws, our morals, our society; and so we drift on in a career that fools call a career of glory, but the wise know

s a career of shame. I am sick of it all. I've waited, and hoped, and plead, and prayed for better times, until I've run to seed. Look at me and behold a living proof of the charge that upstarts and camps hold all the high places while men of merit suffer and grow ragged in neglect! How

long shall this be-oh, how long! (Voice in audience.) Go to work! Work! No. I thank you! That'll do for those who want to employ their energies in that direction-who have no talent for anything else. I've no taste in that direction Work never did agree with me. It was not designed that all should work. the exempts, waiting, waiting for the great final change, when the rich and poor alike shall slumber and sleep, and then awake to a life where upstarts and scamps are at a discount, and work is only a dream of the world we've

left behind us. And, friends and fellow-citizens, when I am

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well; but in the meantime, as you pass out, I'll be standing just outside the door, and a contribution of ten cents from each one will suffice to reconcile me to stay yet a little longer with you. (Bows, waves his ragged hat at audience,

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Sunshine Papers.

Courtship in a Boarding-House. You would imagine that if there was any one place which little Cupid would forswear entirely, it would be a boarding-house. How is shy, dainty little godship endure to place himself at the mercy of strange and un-congenial minds, and submit himself to the curious glances of unfriendly eyes, and subject his pretty tricks to the criticisms of unholy and sarcastic lips? But he is such an impres sionable small creature; so ardent, and so impatient of thwarting circumstances; that when he descries a victim worthy of being a target for arts, and darts, and hearts, he just draws his bow, and lets fly its arrows, even when the area of his practice must be comprised within the walls of a boarding-house. And it is sad for the lovers; but fun for the rest of the board-

First Miss Flyaway is sly. She does not allow Mr. Elderly to come to see her very often. She invites other gentlemen to call on her, and goes out with others, and vows that Mr. E. is does with sublime feebleness of comprehension, and wicked little fibs. She makes artfullyawful remarks concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover-so exactly ev-

Mr. E. is announced, and how careful she is to push shut the parlor door. And Mrs. Quibble is sure she heard a man's voice say "darling; and old Miss Indiscreet, who is never deaf at correct times, asserts confidently that she heard a kiss; and little Miss Helpless, who wishes she had a lover, says, spitefully, that if Mr. Elderly is not going to marry Miss Fly away, he "ought to," for he always hugs her when he goes away! (She does not add that she gained the knowledge by peeping down the stairways.) And, last of all, Miss Flyaway

wears a big diamond. Then how she does have to run the gantlet! Whew! Mrs. Quibble says, "I'm sure we all congratulate you, my dear Miss Flyaway; but, you see, we really could not believe that you intended taking up with so old a man. course, however, he is entirely estimable. "Old?" says Miss Helpless, serenely. "Why for Miss Flyaway, I think he is a most suitable age!" "My dear Miss Helpless," retorts Miss Indiscreet, charitably, "a man's age is of little consequence when he has handsome diamonds at command." "Are you any judge of diamonds, Miss Indiscreet?" asks Mr. Shadowy, ententiously. "At least that one of yours could be improved by a different setting, Miss comfortingly remarks Mrs. Putonairs. But the parlor is ceded to Miss Flyaway once a week. What comfort she must find in those few hours with a charitable person—to

The parlor doors never will latch; the nights are cold and the lovers sit near the register; and just as Mr. Elderly insinuates his manly arm about Miss Flyaway's slim waist the doors are sure to fly open and some boarder be passing. And if Elderly is in an especially tender mood, and has drawn his sweetheart's head to the exact spot upon his bosom where her eyes can only gaze straight into his and her lips are helpless to prevent their being rifled of uncountable sweets, a caller is sure to be ushered into the parlor. The caller has some to see Mrs. Quibble, and that lady entertains in the parlor until Mr. E. is safely on his way home, when she suddenly remembers something in her own room which she desires to exhibit to her visitor, ere the minute of departure, and the two adjourn to Mrs. Q.'s apartment. if, in a moment of supreme adoration and for-getfulness, any fond word or osculatory process is a trifle less guarded than usual, Mr. and Mrs. Demuir, who occupy the back parlor, are sure to look censoriously conscious of having overheard it when they and Miss Flyaway appear at table next morning.

After a time Miss Helpless gets a lover, also and such a time as there is between callers, and struggles for the parlor! And that abominable widower, Mr. Sillee, is sure to walk into the parlor just as Miss Helpless gets the gas turned to the proper dimness, and herself comfortably ensconced upon her adorer's knees and he never is considerate enough to cough a warning; and the way Miss Helpless "scuds" to a distant chair, and her lover crosses and un-crosses his feet, and both remain despairingly silent, is truly awful to them, and sublimely amusing to the wicked widower, who tells the story, laughingly, to an eager audience in the And if a caller comes in how perseveringly the lovers discuss the weather. And the next morning how very untidy the corner and the sofa is where they sat-hairpins on the floor, tidies all awry, or altogether

And, lastly, if Cupid doesn't put it into the head of the widower to make love to the landlady's daughter! They court in the parlor be fore any one else is out of bed; and at odd times and places always; plunging a worthy bachelor into immeasurable depths of perturba tion when he seeks his morning paper in the dining-room, just before the bell for breakfast rings, and discovers the maiden, with a duster in one hand and a broom in the other, being squeezed and kissed by the impudent widower. who still grasps, with one hand, his cup of

company," and the awful meanings of "The course of true love never runs smoothly," commend me to courtship in a boarding-house! A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

COING TO THE BAD.

Going to the bad! What a sad thought that is! What a poor road to travel on, and what miserable companions one has for fellow travelers, on that rugged path! A life open ing with every promise of success—the kind teachings at the day and Sunday school-endowed with talents that would grace any sphere—a mind stored with rich thoughts—a brain filled with a treasury of noble ideas, all thrown away; no use made of these talents; a profitless life going to the bad!
Going to the bad! I once saw some police-

men taking a poor drunkard to the stationhouse, and the friend at my side remarked You would not suppose that that inebriate was once able to sway the multitude by the power and magnetism of his voice, yet such was the case. I knew him in his youth, and a finer elecutionist I never listened to. His name upon a programme would draw an audience at almost any time. Had he resisted the tempter he might now be a power in the land and have a fortune at his command, but, in an evil hour, he took to drink, and now see the wreck he is. No stone has been left unturned for his reformation; tears, prayers and supplications are all in vain; a mother's love has gone unheeded: friends' kindnesses have not touched his heart; his parents are now old and infirm, and need the help he might give. Sometimes I think it would be better for the world if he were taken, but would it be better for him in the hereafter? Poor, poor fellow He is on a hard road. Going to the bad!"

Going to the bad! I stopped at a neglected grave in a country churchyard and wondered at its desolate appearance when other mounds were bright with flowers and tenderly cared for. I asked the reason. The answer was—"Only a poor drunkard lies there." I asked no more. I knew not what the age might be, but I did know that once a mother loved, caressed and cared for him, and he repaid that I knew not what the age might be, kindness by going to the bad. I knew that mother was dead, although I did not ask, because, had she been alive, that grave would not have been neglected; a mother's love lasts through everything! That poor drunkard no doubt had friends once, but I could see them one by one desert him when they found he was going to the bad!"

"Going to the bad!" When I read the account of the execution of Evans, the murderer of Georgianna Lovering, I thought his death would prove a lesson to those inclined to go an old friend of ma's." She meets all inuen- astray, but when I read the following para graph: "It is seldom that one dies an ignominious death but what some one mourns, but this friendless old man had none to mourn

another soul being lost, another wreck upon life's ocean, another being going to the bad.

Going to the bad! Why will people go in that direction when there are so many guide-boards and mile-stones telling of a different route, and a route that leads to a safer and better haven at the end of the journey?

Going to the bad! It has grown to be a very common occurrence for a clerk of a bank or of a mercantile house to use the money of his employers for private speculation, in order to se cure sudden wealth instead of being content with a competence—a desire for a fast and a false life instead of a sure and safe one. When found guilty, their excuse is they meant to pay back the money taken. In the sight of God would this crime be any less on that account? Their speculations fail, as they should do, and they never seem to be able to return what they borrowed—taken would be a truer though harsher word. How can one expect to prosper on ill-gotten gains? They plead that their temptations are too strong to be resisted. Do they ever think that they themselves are too weak? Do they ever pray to be strong enough to resist temptation and to keep them from

going to the bad? Going to the bad! What a procession to view if we could see all those in line who are wandering over that dark and devious road! Would not tears be shed and hearts be broken

at so sad a sight? Would we not feel like taking some from that motley throng and putting them on the right road? Think, then, of this sad procession; and also think if you do not know of some one who is marching in it—some one whose life might be changed by your influence, guided by your words, saved by your care, whose life you may be held accountable for, because you were careless on which road he traveled, thoughtless as to the direction in which he wan

Our conscience tells us what is right to do and many will have to answer fearfully here after if they have not striven to help some poor being and saved him from going to the EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Blue Glass.

THE late discoveries of General Pleasonton in regard to the healing qualities in blue glass rays has somewhat set the world on its ears which are of good growth—and created quite a modern sensation; and the demand for blue glass and sunny days have far exceeded the supply on hand.

I beg leave to inform the world and the surrounding country, that it does not shock my modesty to state that I was the original dis-coverer of the great properties of blue glass as far back as the date of some of my earliest notes, when an incipient youth of twenty eight summers I basked in the cheering ray from the blue glass eye of the romantic Ma

My soul was sick with hopes deferred, and weighed down with the heavy absence of money. But, oh, when the beams from that blue glass eye fell upon my wasting cheek, or rested upon my new red necktie, those gnaw-ing cares and devastating despondencies faded away like a man on the street who owes you a bill; they vanished like socks and handkerchiefs from a returned week's washing.

I noticed very plainly that whenever those beams shone on me it brought the reviving blood to my pale cheek, and I blushed; so I used to sit out on the wood-shed overlooking her domicil, and reason if blue glass had such effect in one way, why could it not be utilized in other ways? So I began trying experi-

I had a watch that lost more time than I did every day, and was affected with general de-rangement of the system. It was a plain case the watchmaker's to borrow time, sometimes as much as four or five hours a day, the watch naker said that he had loaned me so much time that he was nearly out himself, and that he hadn't any more to spare; would like to ac-commodate me, but, etc. I then got a blue glass crystal put in the watch and set it in the Smiles began to spread over its face, the hands began to clap for joy, its whole consti-tution seemed to revive. I left it out on the fence all day, and it went so well that when went out after it in the evening it was gone and I don't know where or how it went.

I was prematurely bald-headed, from the effects of general absence of hair, and in the crown of my straw hat, over a hole which Providence, in the shape of poverty, seemed to have placed there for the special purpose, I placed a piece of blue glass, and forced myself to hoe potatoes in the sun for fifteen minute without getting in the shade, and found that I received not only a fine head of hair, but an entire new set of brains, which overloved me exceedingly, for I was then writing poetry,

and had got nearly out. I was afflicted with weak eyes, they were so weak that I could hardly hold them open, and whenever I sat down they would fall shut, and then I couldn't see anything until I woke up. I couldn't see anything very well-I couldn' even see when I was making a fool of myself. I injured my eyes by too intensely scrutinizing other people's affairs. I tried green goggles which only had the effect of making everybody else look green but me. I put in blue glasses and my sight was so improved that I could se plainly every little fault which my neighbor was the proprietor of, and all his larger ones were greatly magnified. I could look into the middle of nowhere, and see wonders which would thrill my hearers when I described them. I saw more than a carpenter's chest full of saws ever saw. I ever after had blue eves they were originally a cross between a red black and a white bro .7n.

I had an uncle who from rheumatism was so stiff in the legs that he couldn't get down on his knees to say his prayers, which was the reason he never said them, but always got his hired man to do it. I advised him to take his toddy out of a blue glass tumbler, and it limbered him up so much that you could see him any time of day going down the street with the loosest legs and tightest head that you ever saw, and he used to wish for more lamp-posts along the journey of life to guide his feet. His legs got very active, though perhaps not in the best selected direction.

I put a skylight of blue glass in a bunion that favored an onion both in size and rhyme, and was cured of it in two days.

My neighbor had a wife with which he was greatly afflicted, and who took every occasion y the hand to take him by the hair of the head to smooth any bumps there might hap pen to be just there in the wall. I told him to awful remarks concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover—so exactly everything that the gentleman in question is not in the concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover—so exactly everything that the gentleman in question is not in the concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover—so exactly everything that the gentleman in question is not in the concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover—so exactly everything that the gentleman in question is not in the concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover—so exactly everything that the gentleman in question is not in the concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover—so exactly everything that the gentleman in question is not in the concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover—so exactly everything that the gentleman in question is not in the concerning the end of his coat-tail with his friendless old man had none to mourn him. Even his son was seen on the streets of Concord, the night after the execution, beauty

noticed how madly she skips down-stairs when ther's body to the physicians," I thought of up and administered to her in broken doses would bring about a speedler and more effec-tive cure?" I told him it would be too severe a tonic; so he glazed the windows with blue glass, and from that blessed day she never asked him for more than six new bonnets a year, nor called him anything more than an old fool sixteen times a day. He used to shake me by the hand when we met and say I was the best friend he ever had, and if ever I got hard up for money just call on him, and he would tell me who had some to loan. Ever afterward he said she gave him nothing worse than blue blazes.

I have found that there is nothing like blue glass windows to cure a man of a fit of the bluest kind of blues, that ever blew, and whenever I had the headache—and nothing in my head is very small—I went into my blue glass room and it blew out of my head.

I never go out without carrying an umbrella, full of small blue glass lights in the roof of it; and always feel well. Often I meet some friend, and we walk along together, when all at once he will say: "Well, it's strange; I never felt so healthy in my life. By George, I have been sick all the morning. Feel like taking a

Wait till I put this article under blue glass. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Spring Styles.

FASHION'S vagaries are numerous for this and the next season. Perhaps for years the beau monde has not been presented with such an array of prismatic hues in toilet embellishments and statuesque-like forms of dress construction as are now seen. Every part of a fashionable costume exhibits artistic taste and superior skill in the manner of designing. Outines of the form will be distinctly seen, and hence it behooves one to give particular attention to the manipulation of dress.

The ruling garnitures are fringe and solid silk galoon, with scarf drapery. Mother-of-pearl, and also smoked pearl buttons are very fashionable. The sizes are medium, and are set down the front of the dress in groups of three and five. Bows of double silk and gros grain are very much used. Ornamental side pockets are still in favor, and many are now nade separated from the dress.

Dark silks, black, deep green, indigo blue, and every shade of gray, from the palest to the deepest, are fashionable. The same dyes are presented in woolen goods. The browns, both in silk and cloth, are limited in shades, and this dye is the latest effort in the science of color portraying. The ruling, or rather, the most novel, dress cloth is bunting, a material long known to the public, not in the way of clothing though, but as a fabric used for flags. It comes in all colors, but the leading dves are dark blue, bright red and pale ecru A dress designed for promenade wear has the skirt adorned with a number of ruffles put on with gathered headings. The polonaise is cut very long and trimmed with self cloth fringed out, and doubled at the top into two upturned plaits. This simple, yet effective style of trimming is exceedingly pleasing, and certainly reasonable, since bunting costs only from thirty-seven to fifty cents per yard.

Laces of all kinds will be generally worn this spring and summer for neck and wrist empellishments. Pretty flutings of lace and lace half-handkerchiefs, lace cravats and scarfs, and lace collarettes, in various forms, will all be admired, and worn throughout the present and next season.

Topics of the Time.

-The new anaconda at the Zoological Gardens, London, is 18 or 20 feet long and measures 2 feet around the thickest part of the body. He was caught in South America and shipped to England in a large box. He lies in a tank of warm water and eats a duck every morning. His voyage across the Atlantic was a very uncomfortable one, and his buff skin is shrunken and travelectained.

—The pilgrimages to Rome to celebrate the Papal Jubilee, it is said, will be very numerous. As many as 20,000 are expected to be in that city in June. The Swiss pilgrims will be under the supervision of a national committee. A French company will leave Lyons May 15. There will be a pilgrimage from Brazil and one from Canada; none has as yet been definitely announced from the United States.

-Secretary Fish, on a salary of \$8,000 a year lived in a house the rent of which was \$8,000. His total expenses were about \$50,000 a year, which his large fortune made it easy for him to succeed the same state of the same succeed to the same succeed the same same same same same position or a first-class mission. No government position or a first-class mission. No government in the world pays its men in high position such pusillanimous salaries as this "model Republic."

—Two loving hearts; a beefsteak-pie; woe, Early in March a breach of promise suit was brought before the Bodmin Assizes, the plaintiff being a widow, age 77, and the defendant, Richard Hamaton, age 67. They had agreed to mary, but on the eve of the day appointed for the uptials the plaintiff made a beefsteak-pie which as unpalatable to the bridegroom-elect. There upon he declared he would not marry her, and tept his word, feigning illness on the appointed lay. An English jury awarded her \$50 dam-

-It is very evident that this country is rap-—It is very evident that this country is rapidly turning over, not one new leaf, but a great many, in its rapid development of new sources of revenue—much to the consternation of the Old World governments and people. It is now to be added that the exportation of the excellent scaps of this country in large quantities has created a scap panic at Marseilles. Nearly all of the 35,000 people employed in that industry there are out of work, and wondering what to do next. Scap to France! Well may we ask what next? -More riches! It can truly be said that we

are enlightening the world with something be-sides Liberty, and millions of dwellings in other lands are now made brilliant with the pleasant lands are now made orilliant with the pleasant blaze of our beneficent petroleum. The extent to which the United States confers this oil on the world at large, however, great as it now is, is nothing compared with what it is likely to be after the Kentucky oil-fields are developed. Attention is now turning in that direction. The oil-fields are in the Cumberland Valley, in Mad-ison, Pulaski, Lincoln, Wayne, Casey, Russell, oli-lielus are in the cumberland casey, Russell, Adair, Metcalfe, Barren, Monroe, Cumberland and Clinton counties, and are very rich.

—And, speaking of government service is this good story told of ex-Speaker Blaine, now U. S. Senator from Maine: Senator Blaine, in a conversation the other day, was asked how he liked the new Cabinet, and immediately told the following story: "Once upon a time a party of gentlemen in Maine started out on a hunting exgentlemen in Maine started out on a hunting expedition. On the way they elected one of their number to the responsible position of cook, with the understanding that the first one who growled or objected to the cooking should take the cook's place, and that this rule should continue throughout the trip. On the first morning out, while at breakfast, one of the party took up a biscuit, put it to his mouth, bit out a piece, and immediately exclaimed: 'Whew, how salty! but I like it.'" As Blaine badly wanted the nomi-As Blaine badly wanted the nomithat no one is deceived. But, by and by, it is drunk, on the proceeds of the sale of his faeye, "don't you think that blue glass pounded appropriate the execution, beastly moistening the end of his coat-tail with his nation given to Hayes the story is particularly appropriate the execution, beastly drunk, on the proceeds of the sale of his faeye, "don't you think that blue glass pounded"

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Decoying a Love:" "What Lily Accepted: "Mrs Russling's Defeat;" "A Bachelor's Advice;" "Sir Lawnfel's Wooing:" "The King's Owarf;" "How Percival Won the Spurs;" "The Poisoned Apple;" "Somebody's Darling;" "Pretty firs, Gordon."

Rejected: "Uncle Harry's Advice;" "Langley Hall;" "Miss Ludlow's Heart;" "At Nightfall;" "A Spiteful Beauty;" "Salling up the Sound;" "How Love Won a Wager;" "Willing to be Won;" "Three is One Too Many;" 'Good-night for Good."

W. R. D. See answer to Harry L in last week's JOHNNIE KING. We have a new story by Charles Morris, to be given in due season.

CARLE MERLE. Both stories good, but we have no need of their class and kind.

Maggie. "The Headless Horseman" is called for so much we probably will reprint it in some

Thos. F. The tketch was not available, nor do we care to see the serial referred to. That subject is not new to our readers. MRS. MORRIS. We regard the peeny as a coarse lewer for a small garden. The asters are prefer-able. Send at once for Vick's "Flower Garden."

Manton Lee. We infer, judging by your letter, hat you are hardly qualified for press composition. For neither punctuate properly nor use capital letters correctly. You must study if you wish to succeed as a writer. No stamp for reply.

R. W. L., Kennebunk, Me. If "popping the question" is so serious a matter to you that you can find no words to express your desires, we would suggest that you adopt the most concise and simple form of speech, and say: "Sallie," or May, or Jane, "will you be my wife?" Jane, "will you be my wife?"

MARIETTE. Silk handkerchiefs are fashionable for ladies' use, especially with street costumes. They are bright colors, or bright borders, to harmonize or contrast with the dress. Many ladies have them monogramed or initialed. This must be done to order, unless you are dextrous with your needle and can embroider them at home.

RATE A. If your home influences are not congenial for reasons you indicate, you are quite right in accepting your lady friend's hospitality. "Children, obey your parents," is not an injunction that denies a daughter all rights of her own. As you seem disposed to act sensibly, use your friend's favors as she designs them—for your mutual interests and pleasure.

ests and pleasure.

CATSKILL JAKE. For first crop of peas plant
Laxton's "Alpha"—the best, we know by fair trial.
Carter's First Crop is also fine and hardy. For second crop use McLean's "Premier." For third
planting use first Carter's "Surprise," and next,
for latest crop, the good old "Champion of England." Plant first crop immediately; second crop
ten days after; third crop and latest ten days still
later.

CHARLEY ISARD. The Dardanelles are two castles Charley Isard. The Dardanelles are two castles commanding the entrance to the Strait of Gallipolione, in Roumania, and the other in Notolia. They are very strong, and were built by Mahomet IV., a.d., 1659, to command the entrance to the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus. The Bosphorus is the stream connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea, and it likewise is very strongly fortified, so that Constantinople may be said to be almost invulnerable by sea.

ARABELLA, Buda, Ill., asks: "What substance or preparation, if applied to the hair, will kill the vital power without injury to the hair?" Any such substance as you desire would more or loss bleach the hair, and must be applied with great care. Oxalic acid or chlorine, dissolved in hot water, will destroy the vital power of the hair, as will a paste of bisulphate of magnesia and lime. But, we repeat, all such preparations are more or less dangerous. Better not tamper with your hair.

Lady Reader asks: "What is the best article to use for straining jellies?" Very convenient jelly-bags may be bought at house-furnishing stores; but the best home-made bags are made of stout, coarse white fiannel. Make the bag long and narrow, and widest at the top. Put a hem around the top into which a stout wire may be run, fastened in a circle so as to leave a wide round mouth. This is convenient for pouring in the syrup, and allows the bag ielly always turn the bag inside out and rinse in cold water after each filling.

"There Suspens. Wade not think you was wise.

"THEWE SISTERS. We do not think you very wise to be so displeased with your names. Buth is not only a beautiful name but signifies "beauty." It is Hebrew, and we know of no other form for it. Josephine is the feminine of Joseph, and means, "He shall add." Joseph is Hebrew, and the Hebrew form of the feminine is Josepha, a very pretty name indeed. Josephine is the French and German form of the name; while the Spaniards write it Josefins, the Portuguese Josephina, the Italians Giuseppina. Lucretia is a Latin name, signifying light or gain. The French write it Lucrece, and the Italians Lucrezia.

Boston Girl writes: "I'm just young enough to still call myself a girl, and am slender and rather dark, but have clear complexion, gray eyes, and brown hair. Will you tell me what will make me a handsome evening tollet? I want something light, but cannot wear white or too near an approach to it." Suppose you try a rich salmon, or a rose-pink, or deep tea-rose. If you use rose-pink silk, have six or seven yards of cardinal or claret velvet combined with the silk, or else black velvet—the marroon and pink is more stylish. Black velvet may be used with tea-rose or salmon silk; though still more stylish would be salmon silk and velvet a few shades darker, and tea-rose silk and navy blue velvet (not too dark). Have the dress trimmed with train and elaborately-trimmed skirt; no overskir.

ret (not too dark). Have the dress trimmed with rain and elaborately-trimmed skirt; no overskir.

Henry N. G. writes: "I am engaged and expected to be married very shortly, but have lately learned something with regard to my affianced which gives me great uneasiness. Some three years ago the lady was quite intimately acquainted with a young gentleman who one night acted as her escort to a church fair; and then, merely as a matter of fun, they were married by a clergyman, and with nearly all the marriage formula. As this happened in New York State, although not thought of as such, at the time, or by the parties so concerned, was it not really a legal marriage? And as the gentleman is still living, and unmarried, and there are witnesses to the ceremony, might there not arise a question as to the validity of my connection with the young lady, were I to marry her? I have no desire to break the engagement, but would like your advice concerning the matter, as to what steps it is necessary for me to take in order to render our marriage perfectly valid." It is more than probable that no unpleasant questions will arise from the very questionable fun your lady-love indulged in. Still you can carry the case before the proper authorities, and without any publicity have the "mock-marriage" declared null and void. That will render it perfectly safe to enter into the marriage you contemplate.

My Little Girl, Alexandria, Pa., writes: "Will

MY LITTLE GIRL, Alexandria, Pa., writes: "Will ou please tell me how to wear my hair? a pretty nd easy way, as I have no one to assist me but nother, and she seldom has time. I am about sey-nteen. What color ribbons should a blonde wear? and easy way, as I have no one to assist me but mother, and she seldom has time. I am about seventeen. What color ribbons should a blonde wear? Could you tell me of a harmless powder for the face? What do long, thick, square fingers indicate? Please tell me how to make a monchoir case, and what is the meaning of the name? How is my writing?" If your face is inclined to be long, arrange your hair in one braid, and loop the braid low in the neck, with a pin or ribbon; or back to the crown of the head, finishing with comb or bow. If your face is round, comb your hair high and coil in a loose, careless mass upon the top of the head.—If very fair, lavender, mauve, the palest shades of blue, pink, and green you may wear equally well. If medium fair wear cardinal, pretty shades of blue, marine-blue, and rose colors. If you are very fair, with flaxen hair, avoid the use of all buffs, pale yellows, light brown, or ecru.—The most harmless powder, that ladies can use is precipitated chalk, slightly perfumed with orris powder; or if you can obtain it at a Cuban cigar-store, buy and use cascarilla powder, which is pleasant and harmless.—The type of fingers you mention indicate the preponderance of physical and animal attributes over intellectual and spiritual ones. They are also indicative of what a person's choice of occupation should be. That he should not engage in any employment requiring exceeding accuracy and delicacy of touch.—Purchase half a yard each of pink and white silk or satin. Cut to form a perfect square. Baste the two pieces to separate sheets of white cotton wadding and quilt in fine diamonds. Put the two pieces together, after sprinkling a quantity of sachet powder between them. Bind together with pink satin ribbon and finish the edges, inside and out, with rows of quilled ribbon. Lay flat, and folds ot hat the corners meet in the center. Fasten two corners with button and loop, and the upper two with bows and ends.—Mouchour is the French word for handkerchief.—Your penmanship is very fair. Unanswered questions on hand will appear

SPECIAL NOTICE. - All advertisements in our columns stand on their own merit. We in no way indorse them. We insert none that we think are objectionable.

THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Dear heart, we're young no longer;
Our youth has flown away,
Like flowers which made the meadows bright
In long, sweet hours of May.
And new, with winter's snowflakes
Your head is sprinkled o'er,
But love's long summer of the heart
Will last forevermore.

Dear heart, I see the furrows
Upon your brow to-day,
And tears will dim my eyes, until
They hide your face away.
But they are happy tears, dear;
Though chill the days may be,
The heart I've leaned upon so long,
Is warm with love for me.

Dear heart, you wooed and won me
Long, happy years ago;
And hand in hand we climbed the hill;
Now, sunset waits below.
And though our steps grow slow, dear,
And locks are turning gray,
The love we gave each other then
Is in its prime to-day.

Dear heart, I've walked beside you in sunshine and in rain,
And to your true and tender love I never turned in vain.
Like leaves on some swift river Ten years may drift away:
Love keeps us young forevermore Although our hair grows gray.

America's Commodores.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

IMMEDIATELY after the war of Independence American energy quickly developed a commercial marine that surprised the world. Our ships were so fine, our sailors and commanders so efficient and resolute, and our ship-owners so enterprising, that the "Yankees," like the old Venetians, were popular everywhere. They ran to China, Java and Ceylon—to the islands of the Seas-to South America and all the Pacific coast—to Africa—to the Mediterranean to the Baltic and North Seas-to the West Indies and Mexico-always on the alert for a cargo, and so prompt, trusty and ready for competition as to give Great Britain no small anxiety for her supremacy on the high seas. Without a solitary vessel of war to "protect" our interests, our captains pushed out to distant seas with daring assurance, and our ports began rapidly to develop into great commercial marts. Salem, Newburyport, New Bedford struck for the whale oil trade, and our Nantucket men became renowned for their success in capturing the great leviathan. Portsmouth, Falmouth (Portland), Newport, New Haven, New London, in the New England States, all had their fleets of traders and carriers, while Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and Charleston were not only large traders but were centers of a shipping and receiving trade that brought our own marine in immediate contact with that of all maritime nations.

seen in the cases of Dale and Preble, so of Bainbridge—the future commodore was a suc-cessful merchantman, knowing sea life and vessel of her armament and stores, succeeded cessful merchantman, knowing sea life and ship management literally "like a book." Ships were their pride; to be thorough seamen

William Bainbridge was born in Princeton, New Jersey, May 7th, 1774—the fourth son of a reputable physician. His predilection for the sea betrayed itself early in life, and, at the age of fifteen, so pressing were his importunities that he was permitted to ship from Phila-delphia. At eighteen he was first mate in the Dutch trade-a man of commanding person, erce in every way and by forcibly taking her mainly on account of these impressments of orably acquitted from blame (June 29th, 1805).

Bainbridge ran with an armed vessel, for his ly welcomed home. own protection. Sailing for the West Indies in 1796, he was attacked by a British privateer, though no war then existed with Great Britain. Being armed with four long nines he cut the privateer in hull and rigging so severely as to compel her to strike, but could not of course take his prize; it would have been "illegal," and he dare not sink the impudent assailant, after she had lowered her flag, for that would have been piracy; so he went on his way-merely giving the cowed Englishman piece of his mind.

commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, brought Bainbridge to with her guns, and a boarding-officer seized a sailor named McKinsey, claim- the release of the vessel. ing him as a British subject, which he was not. McKinsey to shoot dead the first man who laid hands on him; whereupon the officer seized and bridge hastened home and urged the govern prowess and contempt for the Yankee skipper. Englishman I catch, and will have man for frigate Constitution, which had just returned man, for two can play at your game." The from her successful cruise under the gallant of a Yankee boarding a British vessel and impressing a British seaman was preposterous; out, within a week he did that very thing, and bore the impressed Britisher into Philadelphia. It was of course highly "illegal;" it was piracy on the high seas, but Bainbridge was ready to take the consequences, and he was never an-

He was called to government service when, in 1798, a navy was rendered necessary, and then took command of the Retaliation, 14 -a French privateer captured by Capt. Stephen Decatur. Cruising in her off Guadaloupe, he was run down and captured by two French frigates, but was sent home, after a brief captivity at Basseterre, with his own crew and other prisoners, accompanied by a French agent, who was a secret diplomatic emissary seeking to arrange matters with this

Bainbridge now took the brig Norfolk, 18 guns, and in her performed excellent service in the West Indies, convoying American shipping home—one hundred and nineteen sail in one fleet, from St. Kitts. He recruised in those same waters in 1799, as part of the squadron of Capt. Christopher Perry—father of Oliver and royal yards across! H.—but was soon sent by direct orders from -returning to Philadelphia in April, 1800.

ton—then a 28-gun ship whose destination was mortally wounded.

to carry tribute to the Dey of Algiers! He subject of the sultan, and reached Algiers in September. Running direct into the harbor to deliver the goods and numerous presents, he anchored under the guns of the forts, and soon had the mortification of having his ship virtually seized by the dey to bear his own tribute as a vassal to the sultan. Rather than lose his ship and see his crew sent into slavery, he submitted to the order to run her to Constantinople, and so did, bearing a singular cargo of wild beasts, beautiful Arab women negro slaves, silks and passengers to the Dar-danelles. It was a very ridiculous but provok-ing affair, out of which Bainbridge came with credit for his nerve, discretion and masterly conduct in trying circumstances, for, on his return to Algiers, he anchored outside the mole, and virtually defied the incensed dey, who had resolved to send the vessel again to Constantinople! He ended the affair by taking fifty-six French men, women and children, about to be consigned to slavery, and running them safely over to Alicant, and then return-

This impressment of his vessel was regarded by the government rather as a good joke, and his conduct so approved that he was assigned to Preble's fine vessel, the Essex, then just in from its celebrated cruise in the East Indies. In her Bainbridge, with Stephen Decatur, the younger, for his first lieutenant, sailed as part of Commodore Dale's squadron proceeding to Tripoli to watch the bashaw and his piratical cruisers, who then were seizing American vessels, and exacting heavy ransom for the release of Americans held in slavery. We may add to what has been said of this cruise, in our notice of its commodore, Dale, that Captain Bainbridge had trouble with the Spanish authorities at Barcelona, and pressed the affair so spiritedly as to extract an order from the governor "to treat all officers of the United States with courtesy, and more particularly those attached to the United States frigate Essex. The Old World monarchies were slow in recog nizing the rising power in the West, but were taught significant lessons by such men as Bain

The Essex returned home the next summer 1802), and Bainbridge was superintending the building of the Siren, of 16 guns, and the Vixen, of 14 guns, when ordered to the frigate Philadelphia, of 38 guns, one of the squadron of Commodore Preble, bound for the Mediterranean, to bring the Bashaw of Tripoli to terms of peace. This cruise, noticed in our sketch of Preble, had for Bainbridge a melancholy interest. After some active and decided ly efficient cruising in the Straits of Gibraltar, and off Cape Vincent, Bainbridge proceeded on to Tripoli, where a blockade was to be enforced. Executing this duty the Philadelphia kept off and on the harbor, and in chase of a little Tripolitan cruiser, on the last day of October, the frigate struck a sunken reef, not correctly given on the charts, and resisted ev ery effort to get afloat again. The enemy's gunboats, swarming out of the harbor, soon In such a school the men of our first navy were taught. With few exceptions our first commanders were admirable seamen, and, as made to spare the useless slaughter of his men, in floating her, and the imprisoned Americans had the mortification of beholding their fine ship brought safely into the harbor, where she rode at anchor under the guns of the bashaw's castle, in which they were confined, until her destruction on the night of Feb. 15th, 1804, by the daring exploit of Lieutenant Stephen De-

Bainbridge and his officers were held captives, but kindly treated, for nineteen months After various vexatious negotiations, assisted resolute and of superior intelligence. It was a period of excitement, demanding all the best sul-through whom Bainbridge had been in qualities of man and master. Europe was in throes of the tremendous French Revoludore Preble and his successor, Commodore tion. Great Britain was incessantly airing her Rodgers—on the 3d of June, 1805, the bashaw insolence and her spite by annoying our com- accepted terms of peace, and the American squadron received all the prisoners. A court professed "subjects" from American ships—a of inquiry, with Gen. Eaton for judge advoright she never abjured until we whipped it cate, was held in ancient Syracuse, over the out of her in the war of 1812-14, which was loss of the Philadelphia, and the captain hon-American seamen into the detested British ser- In the autumn of that year the officers and crew reached Philadelphia and were all hearti-

Bainbridge now resolved to recruit his fortunes in the merchant service (the half-pay or off-duty salary of a captain in the navy being but \$600). He made several voyages to Ha vana in the years 1806-7-8, on leave of absence, but was ordered to the President, of 44 guns, in the spring of 1808. The Preside then was the finest ship in the navy. was expected with Great Britain, but the immediate danger having been averted, in May, 1810, Bainbridge returned once more to the merchant service, sailing for the Baltic and Another act, on this same voyage, illustrated St. Petersburg, but was captured by a Danish his spirit. The British frigate Indefatigable, cruiser and borne into Copenhagen. His old cruiser and borne into Copenhagen. His old friend, the Danish consul at Tripoli, M. Nissen, was then in Copenhagen, and soon effected

War really existing, by hostile acts, between resenting him with arms, Bainbridge told Great Britain and the United States, before any formal declaration of hostilities, Bainbore off a substitute—as an evidence of British ment into the formal declaration, which it made, June 18th, 1812; but it was not until Bainbridge simply said: "I'll board the first in September that he finally got affoat, in the threat was treated with scorn—the very idea Hull. To his command were also assigned the Essex, 32, Capt. Porter, and the Hornet, 18, Capt. Lawrence, with orders to cruise for the English East Indian trade in the South Atlantic. The Essex, however, was prevented from joining the other vessels, and the Constitution and Hornet sailed without her, reaching San Salvador in December.

In harbor was an English vessel-of-war of the Hornet's size. This Lawrence was left to watch while Bainbridge sailed along the coast and struck two English ships (Dec. 26th)—one of which, a prize, kept on to San Salvador harbor, while the other, the frigate Java, 38, Capt. Lambert, put about and gave the Constitution battle.

This celebrated conflict, commencing at 2:10 P. M., lasted continuously until 5:25 P. M. Both vessels maneuvered incessantly for position; but, although the American ship's wheel was shot away early in the action, and Bainbridge was wounded in the thigh, at the same time the Constitution was handled so superbly that when the Java struck her colors she was a mere wreck-not a mast standing, bowsprit gone and upperworks all riddled, while the Constitu-

And the mortality list was equally remarkthe navy office to cruise with three ships off able. The Java, out of a crew of 400, lost 124 Havana. This duty he admirably discharged killed and wounded; the American frigate had 9 killed and 25 wounded, including the com-He was there promoted to a full captaincy mander, who, however, did not leave her deck and given the old Indiaman George Washing- during the battle. Lambert was among the

The Constitution, old and rotten, was found proceeded on the humiliating duty of bearing after this action to be unfit for sea; so return-the tribute of a Christian Republic to a Moslem ed to Boston, February 27th, 1813, when she was laid up, and Bainbridge was assigned to the new and magnificent 74 ship-of-the-line, two-decker, Independence, then building at the Charlestown navy yard. But, peace came before this noble craft was ready for service. Great Britain had been thoroughly beaten; and never before was her power so really bro ken, and, by abjuring the right of search she confessed her defeat. Had she awaited another year's operations her navy would, undoubtedy, have been terribly shattered.

In the Independence as his flag-ship Commo dore Bainbridge ran to the Mediterranean, in the spring of 1815, whither Decatur with a squadron already had gone to punish the Dey of Algiers, and so actively had he done his work that when Bainbridge arrived the Algerine war was closed. He stayed to arrange definitively with the Barbary powers, who, now forced into submission, and beholding the superb fleet under Bainbridge's command, yielded all points at issue, and thenceforward subsided from maritime jurisdiction on the sea. To the Americans alone belong the credit of suppressing the corsairs of the Mediterranean.

His fifth cruise in the Mediterranean-with the new ship Columbus, of 80 guns, was made in 1820, to show the European powers the then condition of the American navy. The squadron was one of the finest ever seen in Eastern

waters. This was the commodore's last cruise. The continued state of peace gave the navy nothing to do. He commanded successively in the navy yards of Charlestown, Washington and Philadelphia—was at the head of the Board of Navy Commissioners-then returned to Charlestown; but health utterly breaking down he returned to his family to die—of a wasting diarrhoea. His death occurred July 28th, 1833, in Philadelphia, where Dale had died, seven vears before.

NELLY.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Oh, have you seen Nelly?
As fair as a lily,
With eyes like a pansy,
So thoughtful and sweet.
Your whole heart beguiling
Oh, was she slow smiling,
Triumphing thus softly,
Her conquest complete?

Avoid her, oh, stranger, For you are in danger, For every ranger That travels this way, Leaves with an aching, Sad heart, that is breaking, That Nelly has tossed As a pastime, at play.

Distrust her completely,
Though smiling so sweetly,
With blushes full fleetly,
Her face flushing o'er;
Oh, Nelly is faithless,
You cannot pass seathless,
If you heed not my warning,
Her heauty before Her beauty before

The Girl Rivals:

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

STRAIGHT INTO THE SNARE. I AM tired, tired, tired of everything!" ex-laimed Honoria, on the following morning, as she sauntered idly out of the breakfast-room and met her companion in the hall, who had finished her breakfast some time before and now stood looking up at the lovely face of a statue of Psyche who held a flaming torch at the foot of the grand staircase.

Mildred started, when she was addressed, like some guilty creature. She was pale, for contending fears and desires had deprived her of sleep, and looked sad; but she said, very

gently "What can I do to rest you, Miss Apple-

ton?" "Come in the music-room here. It is cool, and the air wafted up from the flower-beds is delicious. Aunt Esther wants me to go shopping with her-but I will not desecrate such a June morning as this by spending it in shops—not I! Yet I am just as tired of this wearisome world as if it were not summer, and there were no roses peeping over that sill, there. It is I, you see, Milla, who am so tiresome. I can't get away from myself!" and, with a tragic sigh, the young beauty threw herself down, in the most indolently graceful of attitudes, into the arms of a fauteil whose pale-gold satin cushions set off her dusky hair and brooding, languorous, dusky eyes and peachy-pale olive complexion to the best ad-

The poor companion looked at her beautiful mistress with a strange, wistful expression:
"It is so singular," she said, "to hear y call this a wearisome world! I thought it was only the poor who found it so."

Honoria smiled bitterly, as if she knew better than that. "I will read you something out of this, Miss Appleton," said the companion, picking up a small volume of blue-and-gold which had strayed into the music-room. The book open-

ed in her hand of itself to a page bearing two

The girls made a fair picture in the cool, shadowed room, the breath of roses blowing in through summer curtains, and the rare old picture of St. Cecilia looking down on them from over the grand piano. It would be hard to say which was the prettiest of the two—the stylish mistress, in her soft, fine morning-dress of India muslin, her dark hair falling in neglige over her shoulders, and no jewels but rosebuds at brow and breast, caprice, languor, dissatisfaction, and a half-scornful interest in the words of the poem, revealed in her face; or the delicate, flower-like young companion, sitting near the window, a stray beam of sunlight glinting on her golden hair which shadowed her neck and cheek as she bent her pure, pensive face over the little volume, while her voice, soft, low and pathetic, trembled through the music of the verses. These were Tennyson's

little poem: THE BEGGAR-MAID THE BEGGAR-MAID.

Her aims across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar-maid
Before the King Cophetus.

In robe and crown, the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on the way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been;
Cophetua swore a royal oath;
"This beggar-maid shall be my queen!"

"Such things never happen in real life," rely in her lap.

Something in her voice attracted Honcria's

Perhaps this brought before her the image of her reckless cousin who had married a beggarmaid, off-hand. She sighed, after her little burst of laughter, and fell into deep thought. After a few minutes she looked up, saying:

"I wish I were poor, Milla."
"Oh, don't say that! You were never poor, of course, or you would not wish it. were placed where you are I should be the very happiest creature alive!" and Milla clasped her hands while the burning color rushed into her pale cheeks.

"And I am the most miserable!" cried Honoria, suddenly, and large tears began to roll down her face.

"I don't know why I should tell this to you, Milla—only that my heart is breaking and I must speak to some one. Yes, I am really, really very wretched. And what do you think makes me so? Oddly enough, it is this very money that you wish you had! I hate it! It is making me so much trouble that I wish it were in the bottom of the sea. Now, Milla,

word to any living soul." "I have no one to tell it to, madam." "Did you ever hear anything said about my

uncle's will?" " Not much," answered the little companion, away.

with drooping face. "It was in the papers—all about his leaving everything to me. I did not know but that you might have seen it. Well, Milla, there Mildred flushed with indignation at the lat-

was another person who had a better right to the property than I. I was not brought up to expect any more than a small slice of it. the larger portion was to be my cousin's. You must understand that, as a young man, he had a right to expect more than I, a girl; and uncle had always openly avowed that Otis was the principal heir. He used to say, laughing, that there was but one way for me to share equal-

ly—and that was—to marry—my cousin."
"Yes," panted the listener, whose burning eyes were fixed eagerly upon the blushing,

"But I did not love him in those days," Honoria ran on, dreamily. "I did not know my own heart. I coquetted with my cousin, and teased him, until one day it came out that he had done-he had always been a little wild-a terrible thing.

"A terrible thing!" echoed the listener, in a

"He had made a foolish bet at his club, lost it, and went out on the street, pledged to marry the first girl, under twenty, whom he met. He redeemed his word. He met a beggar-girl,

and he married her." "He should not have done it," murmured the poor companion, "for the girl's sake as well as his own, he should not have done it."

"You are right, Milla. But I have no room in my heart to pity the girl; she should not have taken up with such an offer. Well, when it came to the ears of his uncle my cousin was disinherited—driven out, penniless, to earn his bread, who knew no more how to work for wages than a child. He left this luxurious home which you see, and went—no one knows | little town to endure. where. Then, when my uncle died suddenly, ne; but there is a clause in the will which forthe estate, which then goes to a distant relative. Imagine how I am situated! I tell you, Milla, it is slowly but surely driving me frantic—mad! I never sit down to our sumptuous dinners—I never ride out in our elegant carperson could approach to the brink. riages—I never take my ease in these rich

not ask myself that question—for my cousin is a married man. He told me last Christmas -the only time I have seen him since he was driven forth from his home—that he had never lived with this wife of his-that he did not, never would love her-but she is his wife, and so long as she remains so it would be wicked, wicked, for me to say or think what you have said. Surely any one, with a heart or a conscience, would be unhappy to be placed as I am. It is not necessary that I should love my

night," gasped Mildred, on whose soul the - that he did not, never would love her —had fallen like ice and fire. She made a desperate effort—oh, never must this proud Honoria learn her secret now—and forced a fireside alive and well such a short time before,

smile to her ashy lips. "Poor lady!" she whispered, "you are not them. so much to be envied, after all! No, no, I do so noble, so generous as you, can never be happy while conscious that she wrongs another; no, not even when she is the helpless instrument | the neighbors as dropped in to discuss

This she said, by a great effort, to divert it pretty hard. Miss Appleton's attention from her own un-

Then she arose from the seat she had taken at her mistress' feet, got the book of poems again, and forced herself to read "Locksley Hall" in a quivering, palpitating voice, sweet and sad as the moaning of an Æolian harp, setting the passionate heart-cry of the words to | mell. the thrilling music of her pathetic voice.

Honoria listened to the poem, with bright the foremost. tears beading her long, black, silken eye-lashes, and grew a little less bitter in her mood. As soon as possible Mildred laid the book down and slipped away to her own room, where she walked up and down, pressing her hands to her heart, and repeating, "never did, never could love me!" over and over.

When she had risen, after a sleepless night, that morning, she had still been undecided whether to trust herself to one so treacherous as she knew Brummell Pomeroy to be Fear of that?" of him alternated with a passionate desire to see the man who stood in so strange a relation

Now she was resolved to risk whatever danger there might be; a wild impulse to stand she said, in a high, thrilling voice. face to face with Otis Garner, and ask him to Jasper Judson that he had murdered him—and tell her, truly, if indeed he could never love now you all know it as well as I"—after sayher-and if he says so, thought the deserted ing which she fell down on the floor unconwife, "then-there is water enough in Charles | sci river to drown me."

She had traveled already so far on the path marked the reader, dropping the book listless- of despair that she was thinking of suicide as a relief.

That afternoon Mildred came down, dressed something in her voice attracted Honerius attention, who looked curiously into the melancholy, drooping face, and then said, with a light laugh:

"Sometimes. I have heard of similar cases!"

That attention and reducante down, dressed for the street, in a simple blue muslin and plain straw hat, tied with a blue ribbon, and asked permission of Miss Appleton to be gone a couple of hours. Honoria noticed that her little maid wore neat gray kid gloves and the

little maid wore neat gray kid gloves and the cunningest of kid boots.

"She has good taste," thought the mistress; "she dresses like a lady, though her toilette is so inexpensive;" and, "you look like some sweet little girl, Milla. Give me a kiss, and take groud care of yourself." she said, hefore she let good care of yourself," she said, before she let

her go.

"How can you spoil that chit by being so free with her?" asked the prudent aunt, when the companion had shut the hall-door behind the companion had shut the companion had shut the hall-door behind the companion had shut the companion had

Mildred, pale and trembling, walked down to the corner of the next street at precisely five o'clock. Two minutes later a little phaeton, all gilt and glitter, drew up beside the curb. Mr. Pomeroy, attired in his noted elegant style, himself drove the two black ponies attached to the dashing little open carriage. sprung out when he saw Mildred, offering his hand to assist her in.
"Oh! Mr. Pomeroy, must we go in this?" she

if I tell you this, you must never breathe asked, shrinking.

"Not good enough for Otis Garner's wife, eh?" he replied, laughing.
"You know what I mean. It is too conspi-

cuous," and Mildred looked as if about to run "Not at all. I shall be proud of my fair

ter part of this speech; but the wild cry of her heart to see Otis, overcame even her resentment, and her dislike of observation, and she stepped into the phaeton. As she seated herself she drew the everlasting blue vail over her

Brummell, taking his place by her side, suddenly, and as if by accident, sent the vail sailing off on the wind.

Oh, my vail!" "Never mind it. It's very unbecoming to you, little Mildred, and it's not worth my running after.

So saying, Brummell spoke to his flery little ponies, and they were off down the street like a summer breeze.

Mildred was so distressed at the loss of her sheltering vail that she could hardly repress her tears. It seemed to her, too, as if Mr. Pomeroy took the most frequented streets, and that he bowed to every second person he met.

That he had a devilish purpose in doing this she did not suspect; but she felt very awkward and out of place-very uncomfortable and ready to cry, as she sat by I is side, while he bowed, right and left, to his fashionable ac-

CHAPTER XIII.

"EVERY MAN'S HAND AGAINST HIM."

On the morning after that Christmas frolic on the ice, which had ended so disastrously, Pentacket experienced the severest mental shock—followed by the wildest excitement which it had ever been the fate of that good

The first person who chanced to be crossing last winter, instead of having softened toward the river at about the spot where the school-poor Otis, he had not only left everything to master was supposed to have skated into an air-hole, made a strange discovery. bids me to share anything with my cousin. If I first place it must be explained that the air-I make him the smallest gift we both of us lose hole was not caused by the air seeking exit through a thin place in the ice; it had been cut through ice eighteen inches thick by the farmers of that vicinity that they might obtain water for their cattle; consequently, a

riages—I never take my ease in the apartments that I do not feel like a thief—yes, like a thief, Milla!—robbing my cousin of what then even heard, of the accident of the prethen even heard, of the accident of the prethings which is own. And the thought of his pri-The farmer, who came early that morning vations—of what his proud spirit must suffer caused him to look about him in surprise and —of the actual want he may be enduring—is apprehension. The first was blood—blood it not enough, is it not enough to keep me along a trail of about a rod, ending at the wretched?" hole; the second was a bloody pocket-knife, Then you love him?" was the singular thrown off into the alder-bushes along the reply to this agitated question, and the blue eyes, darkening and deepening, were bent piercingly on the glowing, tear-wet face of her trimmed kid glove.

With a prudence which did him credit, the "Milla! That is too much to say! I dare farmer touched nothing, but went directly to two or three of his neighbors; and these in turn, sent for the town constable, who took the knife and the glove in charge, and scooped up some of the red drops from the ice, that Dr. Bolus might experiment with them, and say whether or not they were drops of human blood.

Ruth Fletcher had risen from her bed that morning looking like the ghost of the blooming girl of yesterday. She was deadly pale, there were dark circles about her eyes, and the eyes cousin to feel his wrongs. Why, child, you are as pale as death! Are you fainting? What is something different from mere terror—pitiful None of the family had retired until "It must be the heat—I did not sleep last long after one o'clock, the sad news of the schoolmaster's probable death having shocked them too greatly to permit them to think of rest for some hours. They had all liked Mr. Otis, and the fact that he had left their own made the accident seem very distressing to

No one thought it strange that Ruth showed not wonder that you are not contented. One the effects of the shock so plainly. She had been a favorite pupil of the teacher's and he had been a visitor at her father's house. Such of event expected to find that Ruth Fletcher took

Several of these were in the sitting-room talking over the affair again and again in its every slightest known or inferred particular while Ruth, with cold hands clenched together in her lap, stared into the fire as if she heard nothing-when a knot of girls, with two or three young fellows, rushed into the house pell-

'Do you know what has happened?" cried "No." answered Mrs. Fletcher, while Ruth turned her head, gazing at them with strange,

"They have found blood on the ice, and a glove. The glove belonged to Mr. Otis-ye know those gloves, Ruth, with the fur band at the wrist-but who do you think the knife belongs to? Jasper Judson's initials are cut on handle, and we've all of us seen him with a knife like this one. Now, what do you think

Ruth arose to her feet and faced them. She was white as snow, and her eyes burned with

"It only proves what I told him last night,"

When she came out of the dead faint into

mind was affected; she was ill, and was taken to her room, where she lay for weeks raving in the delirium of brain fever.

Before sunset of that day a warrant was issued for the arrest of Jasper Judson for the murder of Henry Otis; and the sheriff, with a heavy heart, took his way to the hitherto happy home of Squire Judson, whose pride, ambition, hope were all wrapped up in his only boy. A thunderbolt which should tear his hearthstone from under his feet could not have so appalled the squire, as did the call of the officer who was sorry enough to make his errand known. Mrs. Judson ordered the sheriff out of her house in her anger and indignation. He was very gentle with her, but he made her understand that he had no choice but to look the house over for her son.

"He is gone," she then said. "He took the black team and the light cutter just before noon and drove off as if he were possessed. thought he had gone to take Ruth Fletcher out riding," and then the poor mother sunk into a chair and wept and moaned-it had come over "all in a flash," how Jasper had behaved

all the morning!

He would not have any breakfast; and had been seen by his father, sitting on an old sled behind the barn, his face buried in his hands and his shoulders drooped; so that the squire had come in and said to her: "He was afraid Ruth had given the boy the mitten he seemed so down in the mouth." And then he had taken their best span of horses, just before noondinner, and without eating a morsel, had driven away at full speed.
"If he's gone, he's run away, that's all," said

"I shall have to telegraph all about him to have him arrested wherever he

But the officer was mistaken in his very na tural inference; Jasper had not run away; just as the sheriff was about leaving, with the two aids he had placed at the front and back doors, the young man of whom he was in search dashed up to the porch on which he was standing—with the splendid blacks all asteam and foaming at the mouth, they had been driven so hard-flung the reins over their backs, leaped out of the cutter, and touched his fur cap politely to the visitor.

gallant salute, and the clear way in which Jasper's eves seemed to inquire of him the reason of his visit, made it very embarrassing work for the officer, whose face flushed and whose voice trembled, as he clapped his hand on the handsome young fellow's shoulder, saying:

You are my prisoner. Your prisoner! I should like to know what

Jasper's tone was as haughty as any that ever issued from the aristocratic lips of the city schoolmaster.

For the murder of Henry Otis." "His murder? His murder? I thought it was well known and proven that he slipped into an air-hole in skating, and that there was no

one at hand to help him."
"So it was thought last night. But things have come to light to-day which justify the citizens in asking for a warrant for your ar-

Who accuses me?"

As we have said, the sheriff pitied the parents and his prisoner; perhaps the very at tempt to justify his own course, then, urged him to make the cruelest possible reply.

Ruth Fletcher was the first to put the general suspicion into words. She says that she knew, last night, that you had killed Mr. Otis out of hate and revenge.

"Ruth said that?" 'Yes, I'm sorry to say she did; and I'm

more sorry to think, Jasper, that jealousy of any man should have led you to such a crime. There isn't a gal on earth is worth it," moral ized the constable. "And now, see, what a box you've got yourself into. I'd rather be tied up and whipped than lay a hand on you, Jasper; but I must do my duty."

particle of resistance, as the three m rounded him. He did not even look back at his moaning mother, who stood in the door wringing her hands; but stepped into the sleigh provided for him, and allowed himself to be driven into town and up to the door of the jail, which he entered without turning his head to the left or right, or seeming to feel

The next day when his father sent the best lawyer of the county to consult with the prisoner on a line of defense, Jasper simply repeated the story he had told when he returned to the spectators, after his race on the ice with Otis.

'You need not trouble to get up any defense of me," he said, to the lawyer, indiffer-"I would as lief be hanged as not. Inently. deed, under the circumstances, I think I would rather prefer hanging to living.

You will have to remain here in this cell until the first of June, anyway, Judson. Court does not sit until then-the fall term adjourned not long ago. You will have some time to decide whether you really want to defend yourself or not, I will not hurry you. You will feel differently in a few days.

But Jasper did not seem to have changed his mind at the end of a few days-or weeks. The square set of his lips grew more decided; the resolute, almost dogged look in his deep gray eyes never changed; he did not deny; he did not complain; he did not open his heart to any one-not even to the heart-broken mother who came every day to spend an hour with him; and she, he knew, in common with the rest of the world, believed him guilty. Yes, Mrs. Judson believed her son guilty, because of his strange conduct the day of his arrest. and because of his bearing since.

She forgave him and yearned over him as a mother will; she said to herself that the boy had always a quick temper, and that the schoolmaster must have provoked him in some intolerable manner.

January and February dragged slowly along. Much search had been made for the murdered man's body down at the mill-dam, where it was thought it would go over and be found below, where the water was too rapid for ice

When it was not discovered there it was con cluded that it had caught against and been held under the ice by some snag, or the long roots of the elm reaching out from the bank.

It would be a hopeless task to cut away a half-mile of two-footice; and so public anxiety and expectation were fain to wait until the warm spring rains should break up the ice and bring the ghastly proofs of murder to light.

Of course if the body should be found to bear a knife-wound, the proof would be clear enough against young Judson.

"The wind-flower and the violet" were struggling through the moss in the brown old woods about Pentacket—the snow had melted from the hills and gleamed only here and there in the hollows-the stems of the wil-

for three months, more dead than alive, and looked up feebly in her mother's face with hol-

low eyes of recognition. During the muttered delirium which had held her so long, she had constantly been the accuser of Jasper Judson. The story of her love-affairs in broken, wild, incoherent babblings, was told over and over; and pieced together by those who watched over her sick bed. "Jasper was angry—angry—because I threw his ring away!" she had cried, tossing her head

from side to side, and staring with the bright eyes of fever from one to another face.

The ring thus referred to by the delirious girl, was found after some weeks, where she had flung it away that fatal night, and was

taken as proof positive that she was telling facts in her ravings. And so it was that Ruth was, from the very first moment when she denounced him, the worst enemy of the young man who loved her with all the strength of his powerful nature.

The delicate trailing arbutus was perfuming the moist forest nooks when Ruth came out of the long and weary confusion of madness, and looked once more consciously upon the things about her in the room where she had lain as close a prisoner as Jasper in his cell.

For several moments her large eyes, now sunken in her wasted face, looked quietly at her mother and around upon the familiar objects of her bed-chamber. When her lips moved her whisper was so faint that Mrs. Fletcher had to bend her ear close to listen.

"Why are you here, mother? Have Mr. Otis and David got back from school yet? Is

nything the matter with me?" She had yet to endure, weak as she was, the shock of returning memory — of dreadful knowledge. Her mother spoke to her very soothingly, and was telling her that she had een ill for a little while, when Ruth suddenly cried, "Oh!" and began to weep so desperatey that it was feared that the wasted chord of ife would snap outright under the strain of memory and grief.

(To be continued-commenced in No. 367.)

WORK AND WAIT.

BY MARY REED.

Do you know, unconscious worker,
That a door is left ajar,
Through which eyes you little dream of
Watch your life-work from sfar?
While your own life-web you're weaving
With a patience half-divine,
Do you know that you are stamping
Holy patterns upon mine?

Once I heard you sadly murmur,
As you faint exhausted lay;
'All my life amounts to nothing—
Naught but labor thrown away—'
As the words you slowly uttered,
In that sad, regretful tone;
The beauty of your patient life-work
O'er my mental vision shone.

Oh, I know, my weary sister,
How these thoughts sweep o'er the soul,
Making life's dull cares and burdens
Seem so far below the goal.
While the heart in sickening hunger
Feeds on husks day after day;
Longing for that "something better"

onging for that "somet! In the mystic far-away. But do not bow your head in sorrow;
Lift your sinking soul on high;
All this life-work must be measured
In the coming "by and by."
Let the thought bring peace and comfort
When these dark soul-shadows fall; Though the struggle be e'er so silent God, the Father, knows it all.

The Red Cross:

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland. A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXXIX. A VERITABLE IMP

THE Gaylures went back to the city and took possession of their fine rooms in the Bruns-The lawyer had not yet begun to hold his head up again, or to make new plans, in lieu of the grand scheme which he had declared to be frustrated by his eldest daughter's clandestine marriage with Griffith Thetford: indeed that event had seemed to stun him so thoroughly that he did not even take advantage of the bridegroom's minority to nullify the marriage, as he might have done, and his wife was under too strict subjection to suggest any course which he did not see for himself: his remaining daughter too devoutly resigned to the troubles Providence had seen fit to send upon her sister, so the runaway match remained undisputed, and the runaway pair nestled under the parent wing in peace

Dr. Herz presented himself a few days after the return of the family to town, bearing dutiful inquiries after the ladies from Miss Cordelia Valrose, as she now permitted the world

to know her

Cordelia, sweet soul, was anything but un grateful to such of the Gaylure family as she believed to have been kind to her without u terior motives, and hearing of Adalgisa's reckless marriage grieved and yearned over her singular lot, bound to one so tragically afflicted as She would have gladly come in person to take in her generous arms the foolish, ill-fated bride, whom she could not help picturing in her first horror at the revelation which any tenth day of the month might bring her, but her friend had counseled her otherwise, and she had obeyed him without question. Berthold owever, wished to judge for himself the true state of matters with the intriguing lawyer and his two daughters, whose characters he had long since guessed with satirical amusement, accounting for their little eccentricities as the natural out-leak of poor human nature through ts superficial walls of "religious duty

Having looked closer since these first pioeering days in the feminine borders, perhaps Herman Berthold was not quite so sure now that the religious creed of these young women had anything to do with their peculiar idiosyn racies; certain it is that he contemplated them as they swam and swelled, swan-like, in his resence, with very different eyes from those with which he was wont to dwell on the deli-

cate graces of Cordelia, his Christian friend, Dull-eyed, down-looking and apathetic Mr. Gaylure sat among his women, scarce waking up enough to pass a gleam of recognition at the itor from under his contracted brows. Griffith Thetford, the gay young bridegroom, lifted deep, heavy, suffering eyes to Berthold, and one half-hysterical wring of his hand, sunk back in his chair, and with averted face and shrinking attitude heard through all his wife's vivacious, searching, brutally blunt and disdainful inquiries after his lost love, Cora, Crystal, more gushing, wizened, weirdly wit-

which she had fallen it was evident that her little crimson tufts were showing all over the thither over the conversational course, lighting maples—the sound of running waters filled the April nights with music—when Ruth Fletcher wherever a wound was raw; and Mrs. Gaylure. April nights with music—when Ruth Fletcher came out of the brain fever which had held her fat, white, sorrowful and helpless, folded her

in terse, conventional phrases Dr. Herz ex-pressed himself happy to inform Mr. Gaylure, who had been such a disinterested friend of the lady he had only known as Cora, that she had become reconciled to her parents, one of whom she had since lost, but the other she cherished with tenderest love once more.

shame, all his plotting about her had gone for naught, she knew what he was, and despised

Thetford, turning round his sharp, wasted face on the German, reckless of his fair bride's diabolical smile. She does, and with all her noble heart she

ing the youth who was dying for love of Cordelia save compassion. "Happiness! My God!" groaned Griffith,

turning away. At which Adalgisa blackened murderously, and Crystal sent a sudden, small, stinging shiver of laughter through the tingling "Poor Griffith is morbid about his ill health," murmured the mother, amiably, try-

ing to smooth matters before the stranger; "he will feel differently by-and-by." "Never!" said Griffith, rising tremblingly from his seat, and looking round upon them all with glittering, burning eyes, "my days are numbered; IT has not many more visits to pay

"Hush! Hush!" almost screamed Adalgisa, springing to seize the youth roughly by the arm and shake him; "if you are going to chatter and reveal your nonsense I'll shut you up -you hear?" and her coarsely-incensed eyes blazed into his, in curious blindness to the mysterious excitement, the supernatural intelligence of his fixed and dilating orbs, which were too surely beholding in the empty air ome ghostly wraith which mocked him.

With a slow clasping and wringing of the hands, which had surely grown slighter and whiter than of yore, and a low, prolonged, shuddering moaning, the unhappy boy let her drag him out of the room. And the family with one accord turned their eyes upon the German.

One by one he read the meaning of each inquiring gaze, the sinister despair of Gaylure's, the black-hearted inquisition of Crystal's and the helpless terror and grief of the mother's, and then he rose, bowed with sardonic civility, and without another word retired.

When he had reached the home of his friend, he said, looking into her clear eyes, which reflected a soul more worthy of immortality than the Materialist had ever before supposed human soul to be:

"That boy's heart is broken; he will die. Had he married you his malady would have released him as his manhood advanced, nourished by the felicity which you alone could have given him.

which his announcement stirred in her bosom, and the maiden wonder and confusion coming after, at the idea of Thetford's having loved And Herman said in his inner spirit, before

he knew it, "Thank God!" For it had ever lain like bitter dregs at the bottom of his consciousness that the beautiful boy was far likelier to win his darling's love than such as he, staid and scholarly; and then he marveled at the human impulse to invoke an Omniscient Power in moments of supreme feeling, and he turned for the time aside, to ponder. And Cordelia, who had seen the flash with

which he read her frank, sisterly grief on Griffith's account, and who guessed the involuntary invocation, which to him was so marvelous, sat silent, with dove-eyes steeped in love and hope, and fervid thoughts soaring heaven. She stopped with

Yes. Griffith was fading away. Since his marriage one-tenth of the month had passed, with its sudden, inflexible starting of Kool out of the background, to take pos ession of his master, to hurry him away for three days into some hiding-place, where even his devoted bride could not find him; with Gaylure's gnawing suspense and fierce scrutiny of master and man on their return to public life; with Crystal's straining watch for revelations, and breathless listening for developments: with all the wonder, and bewilder ment, the contemptuous fury, fear and curisity of the different parties interested.

What has passed during these three days, when the pair who had always kept their own secret unquestioned, once more found themselves shut up together, waiting the inexorable visitation of the terrible malady which no hunan art could cure?

No one dared to ask, after the first baleful glare which shot from the eyes of the marble Kool, when Adalgisa, "rushing in where angels feared to tread," brusquely demanded record of the three days.

But any one might see that Kool had heard nough to bow his head and blanch his cheek in ghastly resemblance to Gaylure: and that the poor lad himself was hovering on the verge of some hideous disclosure, half-conscious yet maddeningly bewildered concerning its nature she knew, from the German, Griffith Thetford to and piteously anxious, come life or death, to clear up the sinister chaos of dreams, or memories or devil-sent terrors which had teemed in his brain ever since his mysterious journey somewhere, unattended, to do something forgotten during that former visitation,

would not serve her purpose, or open the mystic gate of Griffith's secret, she risked all she wned in life, and so conquered.

One day shortly subsequent to the visit of Berthold, the tiny form of Miss Crystal sailed a beauty, I can't afford to be a fool. Leave had languidly set up his business with the bitter reflection that he must work or starve, to spur him on; and coming up to his desk and lavng a titania hand in undressed pearl gray kid resolutely on his paper, she drew it away and dumb and docile.

What is it?" demanded he, listlessly having looked at her with lack-luster eyes for a

Wake up more; you're falling asleep yet, said she, crisply, as her other fairy hand emerged from her muff with a stylish little volume in it.

'I have no time to waste, girl; go away! said the papa, sourly, for his younger daughter's free-and-easy familiarity with him was apt to strike him as impertinence, rather than affectionate confidence

She whipped open the little book, and showed him a few lines written in his hand, across a blank page.

They were his written promise that, in reward for a certain service (not specified) which Gaylure, obediently opening her secretary. she had done him, he would permit her to lows along the river wore a bright gold, and ty and repulsive than usual, darted hither and marry how, when, and whom she pleased.

"Ay, I see! Recollect," said he, sneering, her sister, who was innocently teasing her who is the man, then?"

very near her recoiling papa's face, and trip- oxysms, and could not guess whether her ping to the door, she briskly turned the key in | malicious sister had an inkling of the secret, it, and came back dancing, watched from under and meant to notify her especially by fixing gathered brows by Mr. Gaylure.

give me. No pouts now!" she cried, her finger up and her sprightly head on one side, in utter with the rest of the world. Had the cases oblivion of the growing derision of his glance; "what you saved off Gisa's wedding you're wishes you happiness," answered Berthold, going to put on mine. Stop! No chat! I fore she turned from the subject finely incapable of any other emotion concern- want to be married in Grace Church, by three Adalgisa had, in truth enough clergymen; I want six bridesmaids, and oceans of floral decorations; I want fifty guests, a reakfast, ten thousand dollars worth of bridal trousseau—and all you mean to give me settled had married a baron, possessed of a mighty on myself, so that I can get the good of it while I am young and pretty. And—that's all, I believe," she concluded, cheerfully.

Mr. Gaylure leaned back in his chair, so very wide awake that his eyes seemed thrice their usual size, and after glaring at his "young and free of any doubts about his own genuinened free of any doubt pretty" offspring awhile, he drew a long

breath, and said:

'And that's all, is it? Sure there's nothing else you've omitted! Think, my modest dar ling; it would grieve me to see you deny your self anything!" Then, with a nerod self anything!" You are, I see, in actual brazen from irony: "You are, I see, in the same spirit Then, with a fierce change from irony: "You are, I see, in actual brazen earnest. I shall meet you in the same spirit. Marry whom you choose, but I must be permitted to give exactly what I think fit. is the fool, I say?

That," said the bride-elect, placidly, my secret; and, moreover, time will show whether he is a fool. Meantime, let me tell you that I don't mean to be trifled with. I haven't asked for much considering the rather ugly things I know of your private schemes, my pious parent." She leaned forward, and peered eye to eye into his shrinking face. gisa has made a mess of her fortune, and I don't intend to copy her; I have an ambition to show the value of brains over beauty, ha

The lawyer almost tore himself away from the creeping glamour of the little creature, and walked up and down his office, struck with

perfect horror When this girl had been an infant about the size of a doll, he had used to note her little sharpnesses, her acuteness, her keen, unerring power of getting the best of every bargain, and he had used to laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks, and shout with glee to his wife: "Isn't she a chip of the old block, though! She'll do!"

How bewitching in the infant—how revolting in the maiden! Yet the spirit was the same. And alas! how many purblind parents chuckle delightedly over the first budding im-And he saw the pang of sharp, loving pain pulses in the babe, which in the man or woman

excite only the execration of the honorable! So with Marcus Gaylure's infant prodigy, at whose little chicaneries he had always laughed admiringly, now that the day had come when she turned upon him to cheat, and betray, and strip him bare, he fairly shuddered with abhorrence and detestation.

Having walked off some of his excitement, he strode in front of the small, smiling, cynical damsel, saying roughly:

"Go home, girl; I want to hear or see nothing more of you to-day."
"What? rebellious?" mocked the creature, with a goblin's glee; "oh, you naughty boy! Must I put on the thumb-screw? Hint-just loud enough for Tims out there to overhear

-that you know too much about the late father had sprung forward and clapped his hand upon her mouth, holding her by the neck

with his other hand in no tender clasp. 'Imp of the Evil One!" he hissed, hoarsely, "how dare you beard me thus? How do you know-" he choked his imprudent admir with a furious oath, and hurling her from him.

turned his back on her. She gathered herself up, the little mite, under five feet by a half, and quivering in every tiny limb with impudence and courage, strutted round in front of him, and holding up her tiny talons with all the claws working ously, as some sort of guard from his further

violence, spluttered: 'If it wasn't for my own sake I'd scream out enough to hang you, you hypocrite, you schemer, you stupid, bat-blind, murdering—" For Heaven's sake!" groaned the man, driven to bay, "hold your tongue, and you shall have what you want. And she had!

CHAPTER XL

FORCING DESTINY AND BEALING A WOUND. "But, my dear, so very odd, you know," feebly remonstrated Mrs. Gaylure, her youngest olive branch having announced her wishes, backed by her father's authority; "who ever heard of a bride acting so!-concealing from

her very own mother who the bridegroom is to

walking up the aisle; and a display of this sort so soon after poor 'Gisa's miserable match; and And, in fact, why don't I make a mat of otten during that former visitation.

Myself for my respected pastors and masters to clean their boots on, if they've a mind to do so, according to the filial sentiment of the dark ages?" sneered the bride-elect, catching the ords out of her bewildered mother's mouth. 'Make your mind easy, madre-mia, not being nto her father's office down-town, where he me alone to look after my own interests, you don't catch me making a mess of anything

> fete, asking no questions. Be you likewise Let Crys alone, mamma," drawled Adal-"She's too deep a rascal gisa, darkly. you or me. Let her go to the dogs if she life now as it came back, scorched, main

mine. Father has sensibly decided to let me

"Thanks-that's done already in our family, hand clipped in the bride; and the baroness sunk back in her corner of the sofa again, black with suspicion.

These are the names of your guests!" said the mamma, in the course of events, scanning curiously the slip of paper handed her by Crystal, with a nonchalant order to, "write the invitations;" "and this at the head is the date of the wedding, is it?"

What's the date?" muttered Adalgisa, with lazy disdain. The eleventh of January," answered Mrs. 'What -the -the eleventh?" cried the

poodle. For Adalgisa, from some slight con-"Mind your promise, now!" chuckled the jugal pride, had confided to none Kool's infor-sharp young creature, airily, shaking her finger mation concerning his master's periodical paron one of the days when Thetford could not "I'm not going to have my marriage sneak- attend, to the unwelcome curiosity of the "I'm not going to have my marriage sneaked had been such a disinterested friend of the dy he had only known as Cora, that she had since lost, but the other she cherished ith tenderest love once more.

Mr. Gaylure writhed in dreary pain and hame, all his plotting about her had gone for aught, she knew what he was, and despised itm.

"Does she know of my marriage" panted "The ford turning round his sharp, wasted face" "I'm not going to have my marriage sneaked off in a corner," she began, throwing herself out of breath, and flushed with her exertions, into the clients' chair; "I mean to be married at home, with my dear parents to bless me." She stopped a moment to bend down and peer into the scowling man's face, he regarding her with involuntary disgust; "and as a set-off to Gisa's miserable affair, I want as Splendid a wedding as it is possible for you to represent the coincidence was accidental. She gleaned nothing from Crystal's innocent face, and retired within herself in gloomy dissatisfaction, pondering by what fast the coincidence was accidental. She gleaned nothing from Crystal's innocent face, and retired within herself in gloomy dissatisfaction, pondering by what fast the coincidence was accidental. She gleaned nothing from Crystal's innocent face, and retired within herself in gloomy dissatisfaction, pondering by what fast the coincidence was accidental. She gleaned nothing from Crystal's innocent face, and retired within herself in gloomy dissatisfaction, pondering by what fast the coincidence was accidental. She gleaned nothing from Crystal's innocent face, and retired within herself in gloomy dissatisfaction, pondering by what fast the coincidence was accidental. She gleaned nothing from Crystal's innocent face, and retired within herself in gloomy dissatisfaction, pondering by what fast the coincidence was accidental. She gleaned nothing from Crystal's innocent face, and retired within herself in gloomy dissatisfaction, pondering by what fast the coincidence was accidental. She gleaned nothing from been reversed, Crystal would have made it her life's end to discover all that was withheld be-

> Adalgisa had, in truth, enough of her own to think about, and of what consequence could anybody else's business be in comparison with her own? First and foremost, although she fortune, of a castle in England, withmarked in the peerage—at least four other residences suitable to a peer of the realm—although nobody had appeared to question his rights in the least, and he seemed perfectly in spite of all this, they were still living in the frugal style which had characterized his bachelorhood. No immense sums were coming to him from his lands across the seas, and he was saying nothing of carrying his bride home to introduce her to the power and glory for which she had married him. In vain she demanded explanations of the three sources at her command; fiercely of Griffith, to be met with scorning silence; pathetically of her father, to be met with passionate entreaties to "let him alone," and to "hold her fortunes for herself to the end, having so madly taken them out of his hands;" of Kool with clumsy and reckless cajoleries, to be respectfully mystified, and sent about her business with that immaculate g ntleman's gentlemanliness; and the heart of the baroness was waxing hot and wroth, so that she was very ripe for mis-

chief. But Crystal's wedding-day came apace, and until it was over no soul within the radius of that young person's influence could hope for peace to plan any mere personal matter

Crystal, having placed herself at the head of that grand unnumbered army of women who have marched through the ages along the rough and dreary road of the despised-I mean the clever-ugly martyrs to the infamous exactions of that other feminine army which has wound its triumphant dance down time's sunniest and softest passes—the brainless beauties -having put herself forward as the representative Ugly Woman of Brains, was now about to show the world how far beyond the power of beauty is the fascination of intellect, and to be the heroine of her own romance. Let the world see this marvel—how the one sister, the admired, the acknowledged beauty, had blasted her fortunes, shamed her connections, and belittled herself through sheer blundering stupidity; and how the other sister, humble in the consciousness of no miserable, gross physical beauty-of nothing save the brilliance of intellect, the scintillations of the soul, gave her maiden hand and heart in glory and exultation unspeakable, and to the credit of all be-

And that this desirable denouement might transpire under appropriate conditions, the wedding was to be achieved with all the origi-

nality, wit and eclaircissment of genius. Nobody could guess who the bridegroom was to be. During the past summer at Scarravelt Caves, the English grandees, shining in the reflected luster of their youthful baron's importance, had made innumerable acquaintances in the very best of republican society; and, the She stopped with an angry scream, for her lawyer being a thorough gentleman in man-ather had sprung forward and clapped his ner, as well as a good fellow toward the small hours, with an agreeable polished candor cerning his humble position on the social ladder; the mamma being still a fine woman of that studied English breeding which seems in its delicate formality so distinguished in the eyes of the more independent and less courtly American lady, and the daughters being the one a beauty and the other a wit-these summer friends had graciously chosen to continue to know the Gaylures after their settling in the city, and had shown them every attention.

Consequently Miss Crystal had no lack of spectators to her carefully-prepared marriage rama, nor (better still) no lack of marriage gifts to display on the long table spread for them in the antercom next the Gaylures' grand

Cordelia had received an invitation, and (in spite of her personal reluctance to present herelf at a scene of festivity, not to speak of her repugnance to encountering Mr. Gaylure after her discovery of the self-interested motives which had prompted his kindness to her) having been counseled by her friend the German o go, she accepted, and went, escorted by

Madeline Valrose, as she, poor soul! still be-

lieved herself to be, had now risen from her couch of despair, and, gently wooed back to life again by the fervent devotion of her Cordelia, was gradually recovering, like the stormbe until she, along with all the world, sees him beaten snowdrop whose frail hair-fine stem and sheer white petaled cup are slowly rising from their muddy bed, drawn upward by the gentle warmth of spring sunshine. Thanks to the extreme susceptibility of her nervous system, and a total lack of practical literalism, she had never yet found it possible, nor indeed had the idea occurred to her, to desire a detailed account of the accident through which she believed her husband to have perished; as it had happily chanced that the old gentleman to whom she had appealed in her first moment of alarm, in the Hippodrome, had in his flurry given her the idea that a gentleman had dropped down in a fit of apoplexy; and withalone, and hand over the wherewithal for my out asking, or putting Cordelia to the pain of detailing the miserable sequel, which she supposed to have been her own delirium and Victor's lingering on a day or two and then dying without regaining consciousness, she accepted but with its one God-given star of light in her daughter's restoration, and was resigned. many sweet women who have lived their little dramas out in the world. Madeline Fleming had always been more fitted for living-what the pure-minded devotee supposes cloistered life to be, a ransomed soul consecrated to the worship of its Creator, and loving mortals more holily than with earth-born passion-better fitted, I say, for such a life than for that of lady, wife, mother, and widow. relations were more, spiritually, and less, materially, to Madeline than to the ordinary wo-She had worn them meekly, perhaps weakly, but certainly with a high, fervid selfconsecration to the glory of God, which made baroness, darting a bitterly suspicious look at her seem like a radiant child of the Good God,

straying, half lost, but always loved, among the other denizens of His world. All things had come to her through the crucible of her beautiful mind, had come to her softened, etherealized, sublimed; not at all as all things come to the wide-awake, common-sensed usual woman, but as they affected her, spiritually, never assuming their own unbeautiful, actual shapes; as the poet looks out on the same world as the hind, and through his poet's eyes sees Divinity manifested where the other sees red earth and wet skies, so this Madonna among women saw a wonderful, Heaven-planned drama where the most of her sisters would have only perceived the common lot—common enough as they saw it! This slight analysis of a not unfrequent character will account for much that would otherwise have been impossible in the experience of this cruelly-used lady; had she been ordinarily realistic she could never have been imposed upon, cheated and humbugged, as we have seen her. And now, thanks to her dreamy quietude, characteristically undisturbed by practical in-quiry into the facts of her situation, she was slowly recovering in the arms of her faithful child, saved from the knowledge which would have killed her.

Fearful of the chance disclosures of any of the numberless friends who were constantly calling to express their sympathy with Mrs. Valrose's illness, and to learn where the colonel had gone, Cordelia admitted no one to her mother's presence, and awaited with trembling impatience the return of her strength, that she might carry her to some far-away refuge, where they and their past would be equally unknown, and where the poor lady might live and die in the merciful belief that she was a

In the mean time, what had become of the two men, ancient friends, whose criminal compact twenty years ago had ended in ruin!

We have seen how, one after the other, they were induced by conscience-stirred by the German-to give up the women they had criminally taken to themselves, and how they had sought to make all the reparation left in

Jonas Kercheval, ill, penniless and deranged, could do nothing but separate from Margaret and hide himself; Victor Valrose, however, could do more; he had a fortune, health and apparently many years before him. To his bitter lot then it fell to endow both the wronged women, to give up Madeline whom he loved and to return to Margaret, confessing the fraud which had been practiced upon her, and offering in reparation a husband's duty for the rest of his life, leaving it with her to accept him as her lawful husband again, or to exact a separate maintenance from him.

This terrible ordeal Colonel Valrose had been quite ready for, but Heaven was more merciful to him than he himself would have been, and raised an obstacle in his way which

After that interview between the two penitents in Bertholm's hotel, Jonas sunk into what seemed to be too surely hopeless insanity; one startling phase developed itself before Victor had had time to separate from him; having fully identified Victor as his old chum, his brother, the unfortunate Kercheval suddenly clutched at him, and would not permit him out of his sight. Supposing this but a passing caprice, Valrose bade adieu to the German, (who had begged to be allowed to keep Kercheval with himself, hoping to make a study of his case and to ameliorate it,) and set out on his dreaded journey to Wisconsin; but a telegram recalled him from the first station he reached. Berwas unmanageable. He returned, and found his old brother fearfully agitated at his absence, refusing to be comforted, and evidently ready to destroy himself if it was continued.

Valrose stayed with him until the storm seemed to have blown over, then made the attempt again; with the same result. Several persistent attempts, all alike frustrated by the restlent's dangerous excitament, proved the impact of the same result. Several derer for years. I have constantly sought that

persistent attempts, all alike frustrated by the patient's dangerous excitement, proved the impossibility of Valrose abandoning Kercheval in his present state of health, and Berthold said, with elearing brow:

"Give up your project—at least until your friend's life does not depend upon your presence; you dare not associate with him at the same time with Margaret. It would be cruel indeed to undeceive her as to his death, and you would assuredly do so if they were within

derer for years. I have constantly sought that villain, and the two precious ones he stole. Alas! he had two well covered up his track."

"And you have found no trace of him?"

"Nothing of his charge. I have traced him, but too late. He has escaped me by death. His secret is in the grave with him."

"Where did he die?"

"Here. In Philadelphia. That is why I have settled here. I have hopes that the children may still be alive and in this city."

"This is a decidedly interesting matter," said you would assuredly do so if they were within the same city. Since it is thus, permit me to counsel that you leave these wronged ladies alike in ignorance of their wrongs, settle your property upon them as your sense of justice prompts, and, devoting your life to this your ancient friend and fellow culprit, hide you deep in some indiscoverable solitude, and wait

And, with deep gratitude for the reprieve Victor Valrose took the wise German's ad-

He sent for his darling Cordelia, and receiv ing her sweet approbation, also, and her precious promise that she would visit him in his hiding-place as often as she could, perhaps in time bringing with her his true daughter, the noble-hearted Anne, she sent him off, bowed down, but not broken-penitent, but not de Then the two men went and hid

BOYS WANTED. - Men are wanted. So they are. But boys are wanted—honest, manly, noble boys. Such boys will make the desired Some one has declared, and truly, that these boys should possess ten points, which are thus given: 1. Honest. 2. Intelligent. 3. Ac-4. Industrious. 5. Obedient. 6. Steady. Obliging. 8. Polite. 9. Neat. 10. Truthful. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some most important points, but they will soon be Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts, the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for wrong track. You know a boy called Will Somsomebody else to fill. One by one they are reers moved by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies to employ a boy is looking for you if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be over-have had visits from him. It is that brings me A young person having these quali- here ties will shine as plainly as a star at night.

GATHER THE JOYS OF TO-DAY.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER

To-day there are sunshine and flowers, Yet unheeded pass by the bright hours. Until storms gather dark o'er the way;
Then we sigh o'er to-day's stormy sorrow, And wait for the light of to-morrow, Nor think of the glad sun kissed hours that have passed swiftly away.

Oh, why not gather the gladness,
And pass by the sorrow and sadness?
Life's joys are too precious to waste
In idly lamenting our sorrow,
And waiting the joy of to-morrow,
And in our hopes of the future forget of to-day's
sweets to taste.

The hones-bee sips from blown roses, Nor waits till the last bud uncloses Its leaves in the soft summer air; But gathers from flowers that are blowing, And thus a true lesson is showing, To gather the sweets of the present, the future has nothing to spare.

If mortals would follow this teaching,
And not in the future be reaching
For something to-day does not hold;
Yet we pass by the daisy's meek whiteness
To seek for the lily's grand brightness,
And so with unsatisfied craving we let pass the
moments of gold.

Phough life hath its sorrows and losses, And many and heavy its crosses,
And the sun does not shine all the hours;
Yet the world holds many a pleasure,
And many a diamond-priced treasure,
And if we search we will surely find that som
thing of Heaven is ours.

The Gamin Detective;

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk.

A Story of the Centennial City. BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER XX. MR. SOMERS' STORY.

MR. SOMERS' STORY.

"I HAVE been a very unfortunate man," said old Mr. Somers, to a gentleman visiting him.

"Not that I wish to parade my troubles, but I speak of them with the constant hope of receiving some important information."

"I am in a trade where a good deal of important information comes in," said his visitor.

"Perhaps I may help you."

"You are a stranger to me, sir, but I judge from your manner you can sympathize with a father's misfortune. I will tell you my story."

"I will listen, and make no promises," said his visitor, smiling.

"I will listen, and make no promises," said his visitor, smiling.

He had called on Mr. Somers and asked him a variety of questions which some would have considered impertinent. But his manner was easy and quiet, and the old gentleman answered him without hesitation.

"I am a lonely old man now," he proceeded, "yet I have a son and a daughter, still living I hope, though I have lost sight of them for years."

"Indeed," said his visitor.
"It has been the one aim of my life to find them. I have not yet succeeded, and fear I

Proceed, sir. Who knows but I may help

"I was a poor man at the time of my wife's death," he said. "I have since acquired considerable property. I had an enemy."

"A poor man, too?"
"Yes, a mere vagrant. He smarted under some fancied injury that I had done him. He attacked me near my own home in relation to He was a violent-tongued man and insult me. I was hot-tempered then, and I punished him for his insults."

him for his insults."

"Exactly, and made him revengeful?"

"My two children—mere infants then—were stolen one day, in which I was absent and my wife unwell. It is not necessary to enter into particulars. It is enough to say that we traced them to this vagrant. He was sharply pursued, but we never succeeded in finding him."

"That was indeed a misfortune."

"This is a decidedly interesting matter," said the visitor. "It is certainly worth while trying to trace the children. What was the man's

'Jake Johnson was the name he was always

"Jake Johnson was the name he was always known by."

"Have you set the police force of the city at work on this search?"

"No, I have not much confidence in them. I preferred to conduct it myself."

"You did wrong there. A thousand men, well posted about the city, are certainly better than one man not at all posted. Please tell me all you know about this man, how you discovered him, when he died, and where he was buried."

ed."
Mr. Somers proceeded to do so, in a long nar-ative of no special interest to the reader.
"And he kept up his vagrant habits to the

"Yes, but had not the children with him. I can trace him back for some months before his death, and he was alone during that period."
"He probably did not trouble himself with them long," said the visitor. "Men of that characters with the said of themselves in a quiet little establishment in the depths and on the hights of the forests of the Catskill Mountains, within a few hours' ride of the city, and time began to flow in dim, unrippled current past them.

"He product, the visitor. "Men of that character, unless they can make some special use of them, do not care to be bothered with incumbrances. He has likely placed them somewheres where he calculated you would never find

That may be so," said Mr. Somers, thought-y. "But where?" fully. "But where?"

"That inay be so, fully. "But where?"

"That is what we need to consider," was the reply. "I should go first to the most obvious quarter. Men of his kind naturally gravitate to the poor-house. He may have dropped them in some such place. Have you searched the books

of the poor-houses?"

"No," said Mr. Somers, greatly interested.
"I never thought of that."

"You see where your fault was then, in depending too much on yourself, and not calling in the detective police. You forget that it is the business of their lives to search out crimes and mysteries."

"I know no such boy!" cried the old gentleman, excitedly. "If I did I should know my own son, for that was his name. Why do you ask me such a question as that?"

I did not ask him."

"That is his name."

"Do you think it possible he may be my son?"
asked the old gentleman, pathetically. "I do
hope he may, for I have been strangely drawn
toward him. I love him already."

"It is not impossible," was the reply. "Will
has had a rough life in the streets. I do not
know his antecedents."

"Heaven send he may prove my sox," said
the old man, with tears in his eyes. "He is
none the worse for his rough life. He is noble,
brave, strong and beautiful. I would be glad
to call him son."

to call him son."

"And looks like you, Mr. Somers."

"Do you really think so? I had a thought that way. That is another important link."

"Do not build too high on this chance. You may be disappointed. It is worth investigating though."

though."

"Yes, yes, it shall be, thoroughly. I must see him this very day—this very hour. But the suspicions you speak of. What are they?"

Mr. Filter proceeded to give him an outline of the robberies in Mr. Leonard's store, and Will's connection with them

connection with them.

"But do you think that my boy—I must call him my boy—do you think he had anything to do with them? I cannot believe it. He is too straightforward and noble."

"I believe he is perfectly innocent, and for the very reasons you give. It don't do, though, for a detective to rest under a belief. We find, sometimes, the most honest appearance to cover roguery. I make it a rule to follow every trail, no matter how unpromising it seems."

"You have not much faith in human nature, then?"

"Not an over stock. My experience has not been very much calculated to make me trust people."
"I trust Will, then. I wish I could see him

this minute."
His wish was grauted. At that minute Will He came in with his usual easy, indifferent air, nodded to Mr. Fitler, with a look of surprise at seeing him there, and shook hands with Mr. Somers. Somers.

Back ag'in, you see, according to pro-

"Sit down; I wish to talk with you," said his host, with suppressed excitement.
"I can take it standing up," said Will; "except your'e goin' to talk me to death, and then I'd best vamose."

Mr. Fitler leaned easily back in his chair, close-

Mr. Fitler leaned easily back in his chair, closely observing the two.

"Is your father living?" commenced Mr. Somers, in the tone of a cross-examiner.

"Guess not; never seen him."

"And your mother?"

"Don't know as I ever had one."

"That is a strange story. Where did you grow up? What is your first recollection?"

"Come from where mighty few men care to go—from the poorhouse," said Will, non-chalantly.

Mr. Somers gave a start, and looked intelli-gently at the officer.

gently at the officer.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Will Somers."

"Why did you not tell me that before?" he continued, a glad light upon his face.

"Cause it was the same as yourn. Thought maybe you might want to be making yourself my uncle or something of that sort. I was afeared you might get too familiar. Calkerlated I wouldn't take in no relations."

"I may be nearer yet," began Mr. Somers; "I may be—"

He was checked by a sign from Mr. Fitler. Will stood looking from one to the other, with growing surprise on his face. What could they be after?

growing surprise on his face. What could they be after?

"I have never heard anything of your early life, Will," said Mr. Fitler. "I would be glad to know something more about it. Have you any recollection of the man who left you in the

"Were you alone?"
"Oh, no! there was two of us. I had the nicest little sister with me; or maybe I was the little one, for she was older than me. Poor little thing, I've lost her altogether." Mr. Somers gave a quick start of delight as Will proceeded.
"How came you to lose her?"

Will proceeded.

"How came you to lose her?"

"We was both took out. I've heered that some rich folks adopted my sister, and wouldn't let nothing be knowed about her. I was took out, too, by poor folks. They made me work like a dog, till I run away and shifted for myself."

Did you never have any curiosity to inquire about your father?'
"Not much. He didn't seem to care about me; and 'spose a ragged chap like me had gone there askin' questions, what'd come of it! I 'spose they'd clapped me into a cell for a va-

"Do you know your sister's name?"
"I think I'd forget my own afore I did hern, aid Will, reproachfully.
"What was it?"

"W hat was it?"

"A pretty name—Jennie—Jennie Somers," said Will, dwelling affectionately on the name.

Mr. Somers sprung from his chair in intense excitement, and began vigorously to pace the

Will watched him with surprise. He had yet ained no conception of the mystery; he did ot know that the old man was burning to clasp him in his arms.

him in his arms.

"I am not questioning you without an object," said Mr. Fitler, "as you will learn after awhile. I will have to carry this matter to the almshouse, and examine their books and make inquiries, before we can go further. It is a pity you do not remember the name of your reputed father." Who said I didn't?" asked Will. "He wasn't

no father of mine, for I recollect he treated me bad. What's more, he left me there under a different name from that he carried himself."
"What was that name?" asked Mr. Somers, facing Will closely, and looking with eager in-

quiry into his eyes.

"Jake Johnson."

With a loud cry of joy, Mr. Somers sprung forward and clasped Will in his arms.

"My son! my son!" he cried, "my long lost, loug sought son! Oh! this is too great joy! Have I found you at last, my dearly-loved. Will struggled in this close embrace, and look-

and mysteries."

"I wish I had met you sooner. It would have been better than the detectives."

"I am a detective," was the reply.

"You are!" cried Mr. Somers, in great astonishment.

"Yes, sir. My name is Fitler. I thank you for your confidence in this matter. If you wish the latter with a strong muscular exertion Will pushed the old man from him, his hands firmly grasping his shoulders, and looked him sternly in the latter.

"Yes, sir. My name is Fitler. I thank you for your confidence in this matter. If you wish I will undertake to work it up. I am in doubt though that it may be too late."

"I shall be too happy to have the services of a shrewd man like you. I see I have done you officers injustice. But why have yon, a detective, called on me, and asked me so many questions?"

"I will tell you," said Mr. Fitler, "since I am "I will tell you," said Mr. Fitler, "since I am "Your love?"

A flush of emotion came into Will's face at the poor of the story of the same and my whole soul yearning for your love?"

A flush of emotion came into Will's face at the poor of the same and my whole soul yearning for your love?"

A flush of emotion came into Will's face at the poor of the same and my whole soul yearning for your love?"

Twill tell you," said Mr. Fitler, "since I am atisfied, from your answers, that I was on a rong track. You know a boy called Will Somers,"

"I know no such boy!" cried the old gentleman, excitedly. "If I did I should know mywn son, for that was his name. Why do you sk me such a question as that?"

"Because you certainly do know him, and ave had visits from him. It is that brings me are."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Somers, "I can ever repay. Don't fail to tell me with-

in perplexity. "The only boy I know of is one engaged in Mr. Leonard's dry-goods store. He saved me from being crushed under a street car. I have been very grateful to him, and have called on him, and made him visit me."

"And is that all?" said the officer, laughing. "You do not know what suspicions have been excited."

"But Will Somers, you say. Is that his name! I did not ask him."

"That is his name."

"Do you think it possible he may be my son?" asked the old gentleman, pathetically. "I do hope he may, for I have been strangely drawn toward him. I love him already."

"It is not impossible," was the reply. "Will was the reply. "Will was the reply. "Will was the reply. "It is not impossible," was the reply. "Will was the reply. "Will we can be under the family in society. I am glad to see, though, that you are improving."

"You won't be ashamed of me after a while," "Your won't be ashamed of me after a while," "Your new position, as the son and heir of a wealthy man, ought to aid you. I suppose your plans are changed. You will be leaving the store, and going to sechool."

"Is Mr. Powers inf' inquired a lady's voice, at North 10th street, No. 1485.

"Not at present," was the reply. "But we expect him every minute. He does not leave the store till after five o'clock.

"It is not impossible," was the reply. "Will

"At Brown and Felger's, on Market street."
"I will wait a few minutes, if you are sure he will not be long."
"Please step into the parlor, Miss. He will soon be here." soon be here."

The visitor seated herself in the small, but neatly-furnished parlor. A few pictures hung there, which she occupied herself in examining while impatiently awaiting the coming of Mr.

Cowers.

"Brown and Felger. That is next door to Mr. Leonard's," she said, in an undertone.

"Does that indicate anything?"

Her soliloquy was interrupted by the opening of the front door, and after several minutes by the entrance of a gentleman to the par-

lor.

He was a tall, rather portly man, with black whiskers, and a restless, shifting look in his eyes that impressed his visitor unpleasantly.

"Mr. Powers?" she asked.

"That is my name," he replied. "Whom have I the honor to meet?"

"My name is Arlington," she replied.

"Miss Jennie Arlington?"

"Yes, sir. May I ask how you have learned my name?"

my name?"

"I have heard of you," he said, with some hesitation. "You know I am engaged next door to Mr. Leonard's."

"More probably you know of me through your friend, John Elkton."

"You was your likely."

"Yes, yes, very likely. I remember, you are engaged to Mr. Elkton."
"Have you known him long?"

"Have you known him long?"

"For several years."

"You have not been to see him in his present misfortune. He wrote to you but his letter failed to reach you. I thought I would call and request you to visit him."

"Why, Miss Arlington," he said, confusedly, "I have really been too buy. I have felt for him in his misfortune, for John is really an excellent man. I am sorry for him."

"On what account, sir?"

"Of this unpleasant difficulty. I cannot be.

"On what account, sir?"

"Of this unpleasant difficulty. I cannot believe that he is guilty of the charge against him. I do not know their proof, but think they could hardly have arrested a man like him without sufficient evidence."

"You should take the time to call on him, sir, if you have not lost your friendship for him. All his friends have been there."

"Then he cannot be lonely," said Mr. Powers, laughing. "The fact is the visiting hours at the prison come in my busiest time."

"Mr. Elkton and you were close friends?"

"He seemed to think a great deal of me," was the cautious answer.

was the cautious answer.

"Then the feeling was not returned?" she quickly asked.

"Oh, yes! In a measure. I had much respect for John. For his part he would persist in feeling grateful to me."

"Yes. You had rendered him a service," she said, assuming a knowledge which she did not possess.

she said, assuming a knowledge which she did not possess.

"Not much," he said, quietly. "No doubt, though, he had reason to view it strongly. I saved his life by pulling him from the river. It was easy enough for me to do, but he seem-ed to think it the greatest favor."

"He had reason," she replied.
"I begin to see through John's action now," she said to herself. "The gratitude of an hon-orable man is a strong feeling. Has he allow-ed it to make him take the place of a guilty man?"

man?"
"I would like very much to call on John," he said. "And will if I can spare the time. I hope he bears his imprisonment well."
"Not very well," she replied. "It is having a very serious effect upon him."
"I am sorry to hear that," was his easy analmshouse?"

"Not much," said Will. "I've heered he was a seedy looking customer. Wouldn't like to take him in now as my dad, if that's what's up. Don't owe him any thanks."

"Ware you alone?"

"Not very well," she replied. "It is naving a very serious effect upon him."

"I am sorry to hear that," was his easy an swer.

"You know, I presume, the cause of his im prisonment?" she asked, shifting her chair s

prisonment?" she asked, shifting her chair so that she could look him more directly in the

that she could look him more directly in the face.

"Not fully. It is on suspicion of being concerned in a robbery at Mr. Leonard's."

"It is on account of his having a small piece of the stolen goods," she said. "He will not explain how he obtained it. In consequence he has laid himself open to suspicion."

"It has a doubtful look," replied Mr. Powers, his eyes uneasily shifting.

"Though the public does not know, I know the whole affair," she earnestly replied. "I have learned where he got the silk. You have seen this before, Mr. Powers?" she displayed the fatal bow, which had again fallen into her possession.

possession.
"I can't say that I have," he replied, look-

"I can't say that I have," he replied, looking at it very closely.

"Not in that shape, perhaps. But the silk, I mean. That is the piece of silk you gave John Elkton."

A slight, uneasy movement followed her words. He looked closely at the silk.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "I never saw it before."

She rose to her feet, her large eyes scanning him from head to foot. He sat unmoved, with no trace of feeling or confusion in his face.

"You know better," she cried, indignantly.

"You gave it to John Elkton, as I happen to know. You will pernit that man to languish in prison, rather than come up and acknowledge the truth. You must be seriously afraid of the the truth. You must be seriously afraid of th truth in this matter, Mr. Powers. He is a grate ful and honorable man. He will suffer himsel

rather than let suspicion reach you. But ther is nothing hinders me from speaking. I ow ou no gratitude."
"There is one thing that should hinder you,"

"There is one thing that should hinder you," he quietly replied.

"What is that?" she quickly asked.

"The fact that all you are saying now is pure guesswork. Your lover has told you nothing of the kind; and cannot, for it is not the truth. Let me advise you, Miss Arlington, not to be too ready to jump to conclusions in future."

"I will hid you good-evening, Mr. Powers," she replied, with dignity. "I see that there is no use to prolong our conversation. I have

no use to prolong our conversation. I have learned all I desired."

He smiled derisively as she left the room. In a moment more she was on the street. She felt faint, and needed the touch of the fresh air to revive her. She had felt far more emotion during this interview than she had displayed She walked slowly down toward her pre

nome. She was staying with a friend in the city now, having left her home after her stormy interview with her guardian.

A familiar voice at her elbow caused her to

There stood Willful Will, a smile of welcome Glad to see you," he said. "Late in the city

to-night."
"Yes. I am on a visit here," she replied. They walked along together, engaged in corversation. Will was insensibly drawn into description of his late discovery of a father an of his hopes of yet finding his lost sister. Jet nie was greatly interested in this romantic story, and joined earnestly with him in the hope that he would yet succeed in finding his

Did she look like you?" she asked "Yes. Something your color hair and eyes. And then you look something like me. I wish it would only turn out that you were my lost

store."

"Ah!" she said, with sudden interest. "Have you learned anything about them?"

"On their trail. Bound to bring them up standing," said Will, positively. "Keep mum. Ain't told Mr. Leonard yet,"

"Do you know a man named Jesse Powers?" she asked, eagerly. "He is engaged in the store next to Mr. Leonard's."

"Never heered the pame afore." and Will.

"Never heered the name afore," said Will.
"What sort of a chap?"
"A large man, with dark complexion, and black hair and whiskers. Rather full-faced, and with preminent nece."

black hair and whiskers. Rather full-faced, and with prominent nose."

"My stars!" cried Will, clapping his hand on his knee, with a burst of laughter. "That's his photograph to a hair. Do I know him? Don't I! What do you say's his name?"

"Jesse Powers."

"J. P., or I don't know my own name. That's the identical chap that wrote the letter. Don't happen to have a scrap of his handwriting?"

"No. For what purpose do you want it?"
"To nail a thief, that's all. Didn't I see the very chap in a nest of burglars? What do you know about him?"
"I know that he gave Mr. Elkton the piece of silk which has been the cause of his imprison-

Better and better. Mr. Elkton won't blow

"Better and better. Mr. Elkton won't blow on him?"

"You and me ain't under no obligation. "You and me ain't under no obligation. Don't you be worried about Elkton. Bet I fetch him out of quod inside of two days. Could you get a specimen of that chap's handwriting?"

"Very probably. I might get a note from him to Mr. Elkton."

"The very dodge!" cried Will, in enthusiasm. "You're quick at a hint. Work it on him and I'll do the rest. Bet between us we sell him out. Bring it down to the store as soon as you nail it, and hand it to me. Ask for Mr. William Somers, and anybody will go for me."

"I will try," she answered, laughingly. "And now I must bid you good day, Will."

"Good-by, Jennie. Tell you what, I'd give half my fortune to come if you was only my little lost sister, Jennie."

"You will find her yet, Will. Your love will bring you to her."

"You can bet I'll love her amazing when I find her," said Will, as he hastened away to hide an unwonted softening at the eyes.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 365.)

(To be continued—commenced in No. 365.)

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MY NEIGHBOR'S CATS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

My neighbor's very fond of cats, And keeps them by the score, And when I kill some of them off He II go and get some more; And often brings out five or six More than he had before.

As I was never fond of cats
It's very plain to see
That living in his neighborhood
Is likely for to be,
In spite of everything, a most
Unpleasant thing to me.

My neighbor who's so fond of cats, And keeps so many pairs,
And takes such interest in them, has
Been deaf for twenty years;
And so the music that they make,
In fact, he never hears.

And that's the reason when I go,
As I do every day,
And tell him his confounded cats
Are wearing me away,
He doesn't understand a word
Of what I try to say.

And when I point unto the cats
That all around him stand,
He smiles, and says they're very nice,
The breed exceeding grand;
And thinks I'm complimenting them,
And then he shakes my hand.

All day he teaches them to how! And learns them how to fight, And making them rantankerous It seems is his delight; And all the yells they learn by day They utter forth at night.

For felines I am very sure
I never had regard,
And when I kill some six or eight
I find, for my reward,
Next morning every one I killed
Is over in my yard.

And so it's very plain to see
I'm in a sorry plight;
The dead cats bother me by day—
And live ones in the night;
And then next day he gets some more
Worse by an awful sight.

I never saw a cattery
On such a mammoth plan,
And to exterminate them all
I know I never can;
And so I think this afternoon
I'll go and shoot the man.

Cavairy Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn; OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ, AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

THE Seventh Cavalry was lying at Fort Hays expecting the arrival of General Hancock every day, but with little to do meanwhile. To pass away the time the officers used to go out buffalohunting whenever they were off duty, but had done very little except to tire their horses and shoot away ammunition so far. There were some twenty officers altogether, and one evening they were sitting round the camp-fire at head-quarters, talking over matters, when as usual the hunting came up. Then, as a matter of course, every man began to boast of what he could do, and several of them began to joke their commanding officer about his misfortune in shooting his own horse. Custer could always take a joke as well as any man, and this time he did not feel the sting of their jokes so much on account of having killed some buffalo since that time.

At last one officer, who thought himself a very fine shot and rider, offered to bet a champagne supper for the party that he could take half the officers and kill more buffalo than the other half could do, with Custer at the head of

took him up at once.
"I'll take that bet, major," said he, quietly;
"and you can pick your men, too. We'll begin hunters at one bull, but he seemed to mind the pistol-shots no more than flies. He kept charge-

to-morrow morning."

The major could not back out then, and the bet was arranged at once. The officers were chosen by lot, into two parties of ten each, and it was settled that each should go out in turn, one next morning, the other the day after. The one that shot the fewest buffalo was to give the supper and pay for it. The senior major of the Seventh, who was too old and fat to hunt any more, was to be the referee and umpire. The parties were to bring in the tongues of the buffaloes killed, as proof of their slaughter, and leave them with the referee, who was to keep the matter secret till both parties had hunted. Then they tossed up which party should go first, and they tossed up which party should go first, and the lot fell to Custer.

Next morning accordingly, at daybreak, the Next morning accordingly, at daybreak, the little party was up, horses ready for the hunt, orderlies ready to follow their officers. Then they proceeded to count noses. Alas, out of the ten who should have been present only seven were found able to go. Of the rest, one was officer of the day, another officer of the guard, and a third had a scouting detail. These things could not be helped; they were part of the luck. The other side night lose men, too.

Without waiting to think over their troubles.

The other side might lose men, too.

Without waiting to think over their troubles, the little party of seven rode off. A bad beginning may make a good ending, when there's pluck in people. The ground where they hoped to meet the buffalo was fifteen miles from the camp, and it was necessary to take along an ambulance to pack the meat, if any was procured. Each officer had an orderly to ride behind him, and each carried a pair of pistols, while several had the old Spencer seven-shooting carbine. had the old Spencer seven-shooting carbine, which they found an excellent hunting weapon. One of the carbine men was Custer. He had found from experience that one carbine bullet

was worth more than three or four pistol-shots, and had determined to try the experiment fair

At last they reached the destined point, where the long prairie-grass cased, and the short buf-falo-grass began. As they topped a swell there in the distance was a small herd, which every one at once propagated. at once pronounced to be buffaloes, less than

Now there was hurry and preparation at once, as you may think. Before the party lay a little hollow which would shelter them from sight, and into it they plunged, ambulance and all, halting in the bottom. There the ambulance was stopped, while the hunters dismounted and looked carefully to their horses. The saddle-girths were loosened, saddle-cloths set straight, curb-chains looked to. Then an extra turn was given to every girth-streap and the borses were given to every girth-strap, and the horses were girthed in tight and snug, fit to run for their lives. Every officer looked to his own mount; it would not do to trust to orderlies now, when a failure in any part of the harness might cost a life. Each man looked to his revolvers and car-

bine, and all were ready. Custer gave the signal, and the little party rode out.

Now we shall see a real buffalo-hunt, no chance runs as heretofore. There are seven in the party, and two of them are young officers who have never yet shot a buffalo. They are full of wild excitement, trembling with eaverness and it is excitement, trembling with eagerness, and it is plain that they will be the failures, if there are any. The other five are old stagers, inare any. The other five are old stagers, in-cluding Custer—that is, they have been at it

before.

They keep behind the swell, which slants away to leeward of the place where they saw the herd. At the end of the little valley Custer rides up the side of the slope, and halts so as to hide everything but his head. Then he takes out his field-glass to look at the herd.

"Just sowen gentlemen." he says quietly "Just seven, gentlemen," he says, quietly. their lives ha trees and all!

it may cost us the supper. We are seven, too. Do you think we can account for one apiece?"
"You can bet we will, general," said one of the youngsters, confidently.

Custer smiled.

"I've been there before, young gentleman.
Look out you don't kill your horse, as I did, instead of the buffalo. Are you all ready?"

"All ready, general."

Then over the hill goes the little party, and finds itself only about a quarter of a mile from the herd, dead to leeward.

They take a slow trot and ride straight at the herd. See! a movement among the animals,

herd. See! a movement among the animals, which see the hunters. Next moment away go the buffaloes, right into the wind's eye, in a lumbering gallop, like so many cows.

Away go the hunters, also at full gallop, spreading into a long line, spurring their horses like mag

Each man take his beast. Begin on the

"Bach man take his beast. Begin on the left!" shouts Custer, as they begin to come up with the buffaloes. Beyond them is a long hill, and the animals are laboring dreadfully, while the horses gain on them every stride.

Not five minutes have passed, but the hunters are within fifty yards, when crack! crack! gethe pistols, beginning with the youngsters. Nothing hurt, but the horses seem fairly to fiv.

Now only thirty yards divides them, and the Now only thirty yards divides them, and the hill grows steeper. Twenty yards, ten, now only as many feet, and the herd scatters in terror and goes away in all directions, hunters after them. Such a scene of confusion you never saw for a few minutes.

The pistols are flashing, and the loud bang! bang! of the carbines is heard every now and then

then.
See, there's an old bull down on his knees, the blood pouring from his mouth. Don't waste powder. He's gone, sure enough. There's another—a cow. She's stopped, another sure

another—a cow. She's stopped, another stresign.

Look at the youngsters—they're both crazy. Not a round left in either pistol, and haven't finished a buffalo yet. There goes Custer on his big horse, the new one, a great coarse beast that runs well for a spurt, but all covered with sweat already. He's after the king bull of the herd, and rides on the right side. Up goes the old Spencer carbine in a moment.

Bang! and the old bull stumbles and pitches on its head, the blood pouring out of its mouth. The big bullet has settled it. Now another hunter has stopped a bull, and five buffaloes are down out of the seven, while the other two have slipped off, and can be seen a little way off, going down a steep ravine, head foremost, where few horses would dare to follow.

So the hunters come slowly back, and the orderlies cut out the tongues of the slain animals. Five tongues are not such a bad beginning.

mais. Five tongues are not save and mains.

Presently, up rumbled the ambulance where the tongues and humps of the animals were placed, while the hunters allowed their horses to rest and recover their breath. Custer's big horse was pretty well tired out, and it was yet early in the day; but Custer's motto was "never say die," so, after a short rest, the party proceeded on its way.

From the crest of a neighboring hill a second herd was soon descried, and a second chase began.

This was a much longer chase than the first. The horses were tired, the herd fresh. Custer's big beast gave out and tumbled down a ravine, after the buffalo, suffering a severe sprain of the loins, which disabled it, so that the general had to change animals with his orderly, and ride back to his perfect energy spanded.

back to his party empty-handed.

As he returned, he met two bulls close to him, and gave chase. This time, also, he used his Spencer carbine, and two shots finished his game. When the party was reunited, six more tongues had been added to the first five, and everybody was tired.

bould do, and several of them began to joke their ommanding officer about his misfortune in hooting his own horse. Custer could always ake a joke as well as any man, and this time he id not feel the sting of their jokes so much on account of having killed some buffalo since that ime.

At last one officer, who thought himself a fery fine shot and rider, offered to bet a chamagne supper for the party that he could take talf the officers and kill more buffalo than the talf the officers and kill more buffalo than the talf tould do, with Custer at the head of the could do, with Custer at the head of the could to the first five, and everybody was tired.

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Had been added to the first five, and everybody was tired.

pistor-snots no more than flies. He kept charging all the time, chasing first one and then the other, till at last a carbine-bullet brought him down, and the thirteenth tongue was added to

Now the party started on its return home, for the horses could not have got up another run. It was resolved that the contest must stand on

It was a long march home, and the day was hot, but every one was much elated with the party's success. Custer had killed two buffaloes himself, and only one of the party had failed to

himself, and only one of the party had failed to do the same. It remained to be seen what their rivals would do next day.

Arrived in camp, of course the curiosity was very great to know what luck the hunters had met with. The other side could not ask the referee, who had the tongues: that would have been unfair. The referee looked wise and said nothing, but the members of the party pretended to feel disamounted, and somehow the rumor ed to feel disappointed, and somehow the rumor spread in camp that Custer's party had only nine tongues. The orderlies kept their part of the secret very well, and when the major's party rode out next morning, the members were all full of the notion that they had only ten tongues to get to win the supper

ten tongues to get to win the supper.

The second party had nine hunters, and started full of hope. They had extra horses, and were determined to beat nine tongues. The Custer party kept in camp, and the second party began to straggle back in the course of the day, two or three at a time, the last coming in with the ambulance long after dayl. in with the ambulance long after dark.

Then there was a great excitement. The nine hunters were full of confidence, and began to

banter their rivals as to what kind of champagne they would have.
Custer's party only smiled. The tongues would decide the question.
Every one flocked to the senior major's tent, and the leader of the party could contain himself no longer.

self no longer.

"General, we've beat you," he cried out, rubbing his hands. "You've only nine tongues, and we've got eleven. Enough and one to spare, old fellow. Order on your supper."

Custer smiled quietly, and his party kept

quite still.

"What does the referee say?" asked Custer.
The referee, a stout, jolly old officer, grimed.

"Orderly," he said, "bring in the baskets."
Two great baskets were brought in. The first was that of the major's party. Eleven fresh tongues were counted out.

"Well, isn't that a square beat?" asked the major's major.

major.
"Not quite," said the referee, quietly. "There are thirteen in the other basket. Count them, if you please."
You ought to have seen those fellows' faces

go down, as the orderly counted out thirteen tongues. The major recovered first, like a man. "I own up, general. It's a square beat," he

said.

And that's how Custer's party won a supper. The defeated nine telegraphed to St. Louis along the railroad, and ordered on the supplies, which reached camp the day General Hancock arrived. That evening they had a jolly time, you may be sure. Next day the Seventh Cavalry received orders to march on a scout.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

Waco (Tex.) Examiner: Government lands cost \$1 per acre, and good whisky \$2 per bottle. How many men die landless who during their lives have swallowed whole townships-

Sowing Dragon's Teeth.

BY MARY REED CROWELL

There was every evidence of wealth and luxurious taste in the dainty little room where Agnes Laurent had lain, helpless and wearied, impatient and fretting for three long years. The walls had been tinted just the shade that least exposed the sallowness of her poor thin cheeks; the fluting silk and lace draperies harmonized with her dark, bister-circled eyes and jetty hair; there were pictures and flowers, and books and all kinds of fancy work; there were all imaginable devices to make the weary days pass pleasantly, but nothing could or ever would remove the unrest and the woe and discontent from Agnes Laurent's eyes. THERE was every evidence of wealth and lux-

the unrest and the woe and discontent from Agnes Laurent's eyes.

It was undeniably hard—terribly hard to be doomed as she had been doomed—all in a moment, almost—to suddenly change her life of magnificent pleasure and activity and continual search after excitement and entertainment to this horrid, hopeless helplessness.

She had been very beautiful—one could see the traces of wonderful beauty in the fair, broad forehead, the thick, arching brows, the outline of the patrician face; she had been the gayest of the gay, and always the queen wherever she went. Her jewels, her toilets, her carriages, her horses, her house, her entertainments were subjects to be discussed, admired and envied. In the dance Mrs. Laurent was never equaled for grace, and repose, and dignity; on horseback, on the promenade, everywhere she took her beautiful face and matchless figure she was instantly acknowledged best less figure she was instantly acknowledged best and fairest.

and fairest.

And now—she could not bear it, she could not! She had been trying to bear it all the long years of her imprisonment, but her rebellious spirit could not learn submission, and the misery in her eyes deepened with the increasing sallowness of her once pearly complexion, and the querulousness of her once sweetly melodicus years and the properties of the country to the

the querulousness of her once sweetly melodious voice grew upon her in proportion as the roundness and beauty of her old self vanished. It was awful to contemplate—this hopeless looking forward to the rest of her shattered life. She was in no danger of dying the physicians had told her, but she certainly would never be able to take another step, even with the assistance of the various costly contrivances of mechanical and surgical skill they had brought her.

brought her.

It was terrible to realize—that her star had

It was terrible to realize—that her star had so suddenly set, and in such utter darkness—illuminated but by one ray—one ray to which she looked with almost insane eagerness—and that was, her husband's love.

She fairly worshiped him. She had always worshiped him, from the time when his handsome face had looked on her, and his blue eyes smiled in her dark ones, from the time when she had so unceremoniously thrown over a lover to whom she was engaged, and betrothed herself to Howard Laurent, over whom all the women were raving.

the women were raving.

It was little wonder that he married Agnes
Adair—so lovely, so wealthy, so popular as she
was, while he, except for his fascinating manners and his magnificent beauty, had nothing. But from the very first she loved him, and in less than a year they were married and began the new life surrounded by all that money and taste could procure, and Agnes Laurent was wildly, feverishly happy with her handsome, gallant husband to whom she had given all, and who in return had but to devote himself to her.

He certainly did, in those few months of riot-bus revelry that followed their marriage, when life was one succession of rose-colored dreams so beautifully vivid it became difficult to imagine

And then, before a year had passed, happened the terrible accident the shadow of which was never to be lifted off the woman on whom it fell, and amid all the fighting and struggling against Fate, amid all the bodily suffering she endured, amid all the hopelessness of her looking forward there only remained to her this one comfort of her husband's love and sympathy and

frequent as formerly, or so long in their continhow her darling was bored and wearied by her demands on him, and how his calls on her were

plainly those of duty rather than of the love her poor soul yearned for so cravingly. Then—of course it all came by degrees—I think such mighty passions never come forth full-sized, at the first, but gradually, it came to Mrs. Laurent that her husband did not love her

any longer, and the anguish of the knowledge, for a time, almost killed her, weak, suffering that But hearts—even loving womens' hearts—do not break so easily as that, and after a time there came, along with the pain that did not kill, a fierce, gnawing jealousy, of whom she did not know, could not guess, yet that there was

some one who had been the especial means of making her love forget her, she was as sure as though she had seen and heard conclusive At this pitiful time, it seemed to her she never before had known the full horror of being a prisoner, helpless on her back, powerless to do the behests of her will. It seemed to her she was ready to fly with furious rage and pain, with mad determination to find out why it was that the one man she loved no longer gave her the attention and devotion she felt was doubly her due

her due.

It was revealed to her through a common enough way—it came to her with no seeking of her own, as she lay there powerless to redress her own wrongs. Some one who pitied her, and was brave enough to run the risk of her enmity and her husband's anger, told her, one day, that people were talking about the flirtation of her husband and the pretty, ladylike girl who served as her own companion—Edith Ross, with her blue eyes as innocent as a baby's, and her rose-leaf complexion and dimpled cheeks, and hair like fine golden threads—quiet, gentle, retired, the very last one in all the world to whom this wife's suspicions would have gone out.

After that. Mrs. Laurent watched with a horrible patience, only exceeded by her agony of rage and jealousy; she watched and waited as best she could, and with her surmises directed by certainty, was not long in satisfying herself at her husband was calculating on her death and had arranged with Edith that she was to be

was awful, horrible! It was no wonder that Agnes grew worse in her disease, when her mind was so tortured, her heart so rent, her evil passions of rage, hate, and jealousy so fed upon; and then she decided that Edith Ross should go away—away where she could not carry on her shameless, cruel flirtation under the very eyes of

Mrs. Laurent sent for her, and the girl came, antalizingly beautiful to the poor, sick creature, telpless on her back.

"I want you to get out of this house at once—you bold, wicked, unprincipled woman! I have heard it all; I know your shameful ambition; I could kill you for stealing my husband from me—me whom you wish dead between you! But I'll not die—I will not die! I will live to punish you, you bare-faced, bold-eyed thing! Don't stand there and smile—don't come near enough to me, or I believe I could reach out and kill you, or spoil your beauty forever! Go away, this very hour, and if you ever darken a door of this house again I will kill you.—I will certainly do it!"

She was almost beside herself with fury and wretchedness and despite her specified grailing.

wretchedness, and despite her sneering, smiling

face, Edith Ross' heart quivered with something very akin to fear as she stared at the deathly white face, the fiery, sunken eyes, the blue, con-

vulsed lips.

"Of course I'll go, madam; but," she grew brave at the sound of her own voice, and her dainty little teeth showed in a smile, "remember How—Mr. Laurent will know where I

Mrs. Laurent was trembling from head to foot

of her poor, weak body.

"Go, go! If you ever come near me again,
or ever cross the threshold of this house again
I'll kill you—dead or alive! I'll be the death of

you! Go! go!"
And when Edith was gracefully, daintily walking up the street with Mr. Laurent at her side, poor Agnes Laurent was lying in terrible convulsions in her room, out of which she never ame to consciousness again, during the three lays she lived.

After that, there was a silent, gloomy house

for a while, and then people began to say that a second wife was on hand, and soon after that on dit was verified by Edith Ross coming to be wife and lady of the house where she had so cruelly conspired against her dead and gone

cruelly conspired against her dead and gone mistress.

There had been a long bridal tour before Mr. Laurent brought his wife home, beautiful, happy, and elated, to enjoy her grand triumph and the elegance and luxury bought by the money of the dead woman, who had justly hated her so well.

"She lost—I won! She died with threatenings on her lips that were as ridiculous as the passing fear I felt at sight of her ghastly face. She swore to murder me if I ever darkened her doors again—and here I am, installed in her very place—enjoying what she paid for—happy, secure in her home, in her husband's—my husband's love. She lost—I won, and those who win can laugh."

She was standing before the dressing-mirror, smiling at her fair reflection, and curling and uncurling one loose thick tress of golden blonde hair that swept from her coiffure over her shapely shoulder.

Then the triumphant smile on her face suddenly froze into ghastly horror, and the radiance of her blue eyes turned to stony, staring fear. Her face blanched to ashen blueness, and her hands clenched the objects she was touching, and a petrified helplessness seized her.

For, over her shoulder, as she stared in the glass with her horrified eyes—over her shoulder was smiling Agnes Laurent's face—Agnes Laurent's dead face and dead eyes, and set, awfully smiling, in the very perfection of patient triumph!

Was it an icy breath on her neck? Were they

sming, in the very perfection of patient triumph!

Was it an icy breath on her neck? Were they skeleton fingers that crept stealthily toward the fair, pulsing throat? Was it madness, or a waking dream, or an awful, awful reality?

The dull, glassy eyes glared over her shoulder, the lips were drawn back in a ghoulish smile, the long fingers crept nearer and nearer the lovely throat encircled by laces and jewels; and then the servants were alarmed by a bloodand then the servants were alarmed by a blood-curdling shriek, and when they rushed in, they found the bride crouching in one corner, with foaming lips, and eyes from which all light save the red glow of insane fear had departed, with unintelligible mutterings on her lips—mad, past all hope or cure. all hope or cure.

And no one ever knew, or ever will know, ow it was; while the bride of a half-year raves her life away in the padded room of an insane asylum, the victim of her own outraged con-science, to whom imagination lent its awful aid.

Playing a Part.

"THAT must be the place—it answers the description they gave me. And now for the trial!
If he don't read me at the first opening then I'll
feel pretty safe, despite the old gentleman's

against Fate, amid all the bodily suffering she endured, amid all the hopelessness of her looking forward there only remained to her this one comfort of her husband's love and sympathy and devotion.

And she had them—all—for a time. And then, well, it was natural, wasn't it, when one takes into consideration the fact that he was a man, and strong and healthy and impatient, as most men are, of the quiet and restraints of the sick room?

Of course his devotion flagged, although he was kindness and sympathy themselves when he visited her room, which occasions were not so settler when he crossed the Missouri to win a nome for the black-eyed girl whom he had left behind him in Ohio. In front of this was a subbehind him in Ohio. In front of this was a substantial story-and-a-half frame of a dozen years later, and still a third front marked another era —of red brick, square, grim-looking and ungainly. Besides these there was a log smoke-house, a hen-house and other out-buildings forming a chain that reached to the barns and stables.

"If all that's said is true, then Uncle 'Lijah has sketched his character here, where all may read. Ha! that must be the old gentleman, himself!"

The traveler rode up to the stile-blocks be-fore the collection of buildings, his eyes fixed upon a man who stood in the doorway.

"Good-morning, sir," called out the young man, as the other made no movement. "I presume this is where Mr. Merrill lives?"

"He does on Sunday—rest o' the week Uncle Lije runs the place. Ef you want to see me you'd better 'light an' hitch. Supper's jest ready an' I don't wait for no man, "and, so speaking the former through his broad head as a light of the second speaking the second s

ing, the farmer turned his broad back and disappeared within the house. appeared within the house.

For a moment the traveler seemed taken aback, but then, with a low laugh, he dismounted, hitched his horse, took the valise under his arm and entered the house. The subdued clatter of knives and forks met his ear, and through the long hall there came an appetizing odor of hot food. His hesitation was brief. A long ride had made him hungry, and, literally following his nose, he stalked into the dining room—the one square apartment of the old log

"Set down an' eat," mumbled Uncle Lije, his mouth full. "We was spectin' ye."
"There must be some mistake, Mr.—"
"Ef they is, I hain't made it. 'F you're hungry, eat; 'f not, set by ontel I ain't," growled the farmer.

Evidently resolved on accepting the situation, the stranger drew a chair up to the table and said no more until his hunger was appeased, though his eyes were as busy as his jaws. He saw that Uncle Lije was as odd in person as in character. He was several inches over six feet, of an unusually powerful build, and would weigh not far from two hundred and fifty poundsgood, solid bone and muscle. His beard was full and like his long hair, snow-white, save a narrow strip below his chin that had, apparently, been stained with tobacco-juice. Just in the edge of his hair, above his broad forehead, was a curious wen, the size and shape of a lemon. Evidently resolved on accepting the situation a curious wen, the size and shape of a lemon. He sat in his shirt sleeves, the garment thrown open at the throat and breast. His only other article of dress—for he was barefooted—was a pair of homespun jeans, dyed with oak-bark. He ate with a bowie-knife and his fingers from a wooden plate.

a wooden plate. His wife, two sons and a daughter were pre sent, but only one of these won much attention from the traveler; and before that silent meal was ended, he caught himself acknowledging that he had never beheld a prettier, more graceful girl than rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, curly-headed Maria Merrill. She—and indeed the others—seemed well bred, and strangely unlike the grim old patriarch who filled one end of the table.

"Jim," said Uncle Lije, at length arising, "you go putt up the stranger's hoss; Mari', you fetch the doin's in t'other room; an' you, stranger,

ome long o' me."

The young man obeyed, a queer smile in his full black eyes. In a few moments Maria followed them, bearing pipes, home-made tobacco, glasses and a bottle of whisky. Placing these upon the table, she vanished from view.

"Stop thar!" exclaimed Uncle Lije, in his were smiling at.

deep, echoing voice, as the stranger was about to speak, and pouring out a glass of whisky, he pushed it forward. "Drink that, then take a smoke. "We'll look to business a'terwards." 'I'll smoke, with pleasure, but I seldom

drink—"
"I reckon you'd better drink, stranger," and Uncle Lije slowly arose from his chair. "Ef I ax it as a favor."
"That's another thing," hastily replied the traveler, swallowing the liquor, though it brought tears to his eyes.
"Good enough! No' set down an' have a smoke. I won't have one word outel you've did

smoke. I won't have one word ontel you've did as I say."

With another faint smile, the traveler obeyed With another faint smile, the traveler obeyed the peremptory command of his eccentric host, and the twain sat blowing a cloud in perfect silence. Quietly Mrs. Merrill and her three children—all that were alive and unmarried of seventeen—entered the room and sat down. Then, emptying the ashes from his exhausted pipe, Uncle Lije spoke:

"Now, stranger, we kin talk business. Who air ye, an' what ye want o' me or mine?"

"I'm a drover, looking for cattle. I heard you had some to dispose of, and came here to see if we could not make a trade," was the prompt reply.

if we could not make a trade," was the prompt reply.

"Yes, I hearn you was likely to come this way, and so, as mebbe you noticed, we was sorter on the lookout fer ye. Pve got the cattle, an' I'm always ready fer a trade of the tarms suit. But fust—you had a good supper—all you wanted to eat?"

"Certainly, and I am ready to—"

"I don't doubt it a mite, stranger; but jest hol' up a bit. That was good whisky, an' pretty fa'r tobacco, seein' I raised it, eh? An' we've treated you like a white man, hain't we? Jes' so! Waal, that was all for the feller you said you was—an' yere's for the pizen critter you be!"

As he spoke, Uncle Lije straightened out his arm, with a huge fist at the end of it, and the drover lay quivering in the opposite corner of the room, knocked senseless, and in twenty seconds more he was bound hand and foot.

How long it was before he recovered his senses he never knew, but he found himself alone and in the dark. As he tried to remember what had happened, he heard the sharp explosion of a rifle—followed by another and another, mingled with wild cries and yells of pain and sion of a rine—followed by another and another, mingled with wild cries and yells of pain and anger. Then came more shots, and the confused sounds of a fierce struggle taking place upon the broad piazza in front of the building. This lasted for several minutes, after which came

"I give it up!" muttered the prisoner, pressing his trobbing forehead against the floor, in the vain hope of easing the pain left by Uncle Lije's hard fist and strong whisky. "I was a fool for coming here, after what I heard. But who would have believed that he was such a ruffign..."

The door opened and a bright light flashed in upon the prisoner, as Uncle Lije entered, accompanied by Maria, bearing a candle. Blood was trickling from a cut upon the old man's forehead, and his dress bore witness to the fierce

struggle he had so recently passed through.

"You've woke up, hey?" he said, with a harsh
laugh, bending over the young man. "I'm right
glad o' that, fer it'll save me the trouble o' totin'
ye. Now your legs is free, git up an' travel."

"Not unless you tell me what you mean—"
"Jest as you say." and seemingly without an

"Not unless you tell me what you mean—"
"Jest as you say," and seemingly without an effort, he tossed the prisoner upon his shoulder, and, preceded by Maria, passed through the hall and out upon the piazza. "Now then, stan' thar," he added, lowering the young man to his feet. "Don't try none o' your tricks, or you'll far' the wuss. I ain't in the humor fer foolin', you hear me!"

An exclamation of horror burst from the stranger's lips as he gazed upon the bloody scene before him. Two men lay dead, across the doorstep. Two others, their garments torn and blood-stained, were lying upon the porch, bound and helpless, while little Tom, the youngest son, crouched between them, a cocked revolver in his hand.

"You don't 'pear to like the way your specilation's turned out," laughed Uncle Lige. "Never mind; thar's two on 'em yender 'll be able to keep you comp'ny in pullin' hemp, soon's the neighbors git here, which Jim's gone a'ter

'em."

"Good God! you don't think I was in league with those men?" he cried, as a sudden light burst upon his mind. "And that's why—! Uncle Lije, I'm Will Cook, your nephew—son of Aunt Nancy's brother! Feel in my breast pocket—I've got letters for you, only I thought I would surprise you all and have a little fun.

I would surprise you all, and have a little fun first, by playing stranger—" Five minutes later the truth of his story was fairly proven, and the traveler met a far different welcome from that which had greeted the suspected spy. Uncle Lije was too immensely disgusted with himself to tell the story, but little

Tom quickly supplied the deficiency.

It seemed that he had been out gunning, and running a squirrel into its hole, concealed himself in a dense clump of bushes to await bunny's reappearance. While waiting, he heard voices, and the first words he caught caused him to crouch still closer for his life.

Two men were slowly passing by, and their words revealed a bold plot to rob Uncle Lije—who was known to have sold a valuable heard of

who was known to have sold a valuable herd of cattle two days before. Not only did Tom hear this, but he heard that one man was to drop in this, but he heard that one man was to drop in at the house, and if possible obtain a night's lodging, thus making it easy for him to admit his confederates at the right hour. When they passed on, the lad rushed home and told what he had heard. An hour later Will Cook made his appearance, and received the treatment intended for the spy. Just why the revealed plan was changed, was never known, for the two captured thieves made no confession before they suffered Lynch law at the hands of the excited settlers.

There need be little more said here, except that Uncle Lije in due course of time—for, reader, this is a hasty sketch of events that actually occurred, as I can testify—became Father Lije, nor, I am assured, did any of the parties coned ever have cause to regret the transfor-

Ripples.

"Excuse me, madam, but I should like to ask why you look at me so savagely," said a gentleman to a lady at a party. "Oh! I beg

pardon, sir; I took you for my husband." A New Orleans thief lately sent back the stolen clothes of an under-sized citizen with a note, saying that he would wait for his victim

A negro Methodist's idea of ministerial qualification: "De new preacher is mo' l'arnt dan Mistuh Boles was; but, Lor' bless you, sah! he ain't got de doleful sound like Mistuh Boles had. No, indeedy!"

Speaking of girls generally taking after their fathers, a Toledo girl took after hers the other day with a meat-ax, just because he suggested that ten o'clock was late enough to sit up at night with a "feller" in the front par-

When the head of the family comes home at a shockingly late hour, deposits his weary self on the top of the piano, and, while gently tickling the keys with his major toe, murmurs omething about the annoyance of a squeaking

bed, it is entirely safe to draw conclu A sad, sweet smile went wandering around pious congregation in Rochester, lately, when the good pastor, with tender and solemn intonation, read, thorps of grains, or thigs of fistles?" And he couldn't for the life of him imagine what they